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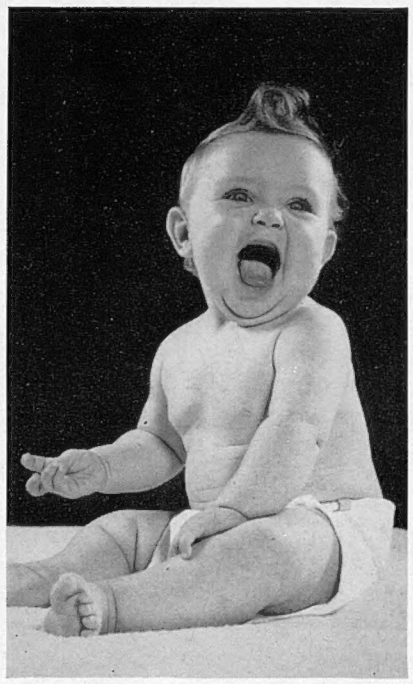

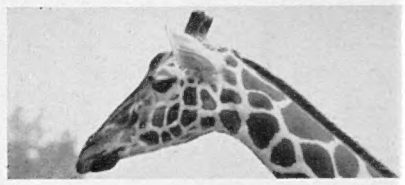

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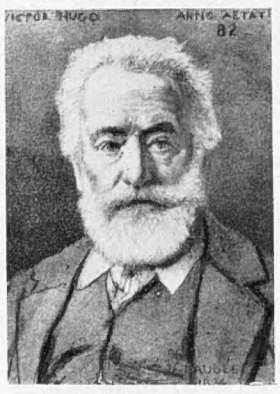

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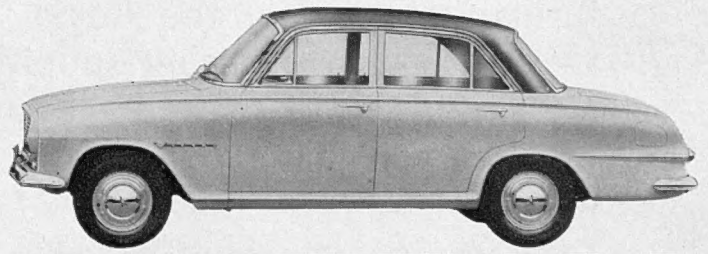

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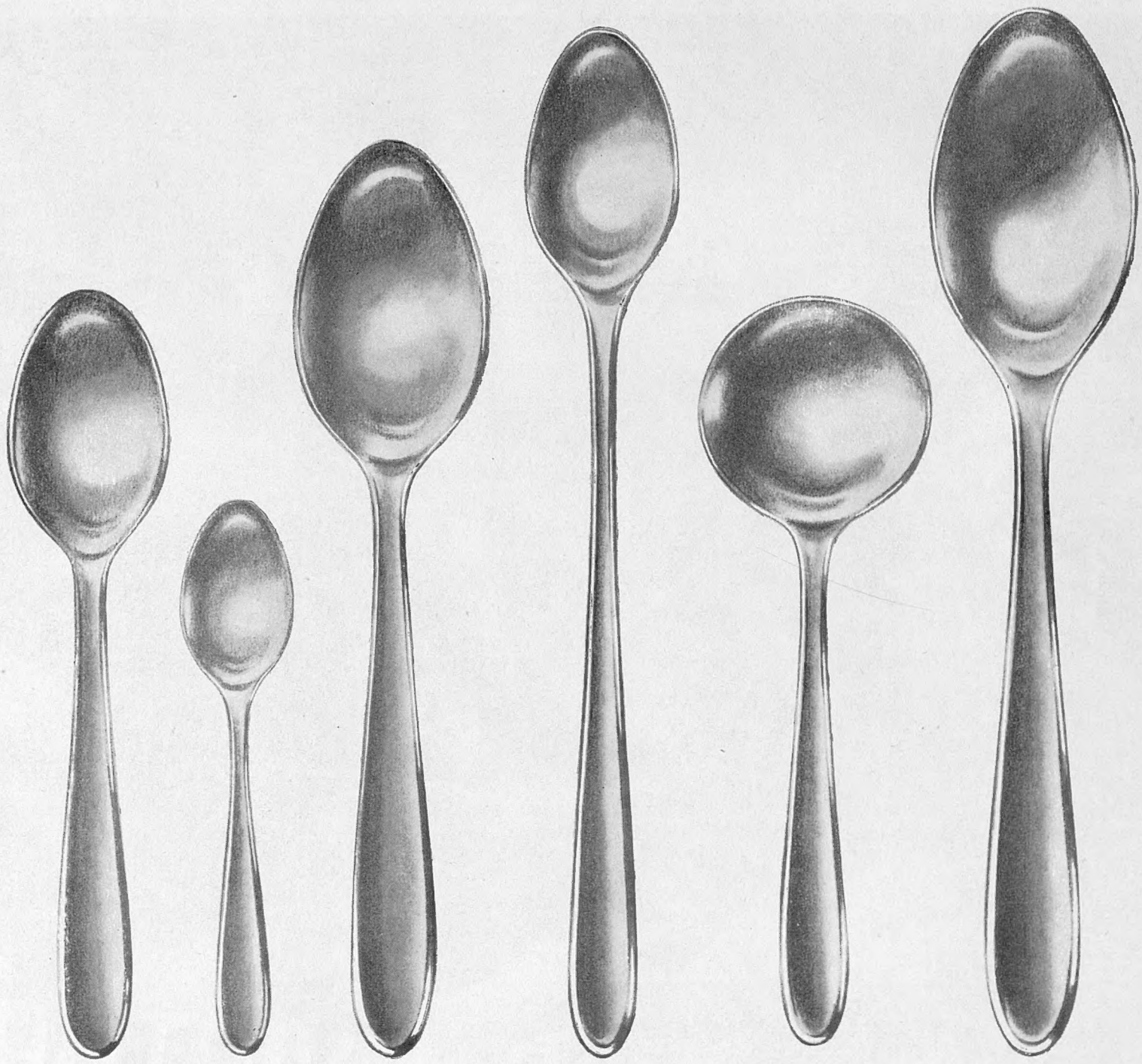

We counted the spoons

There were seven thousand odd from soup to coffee, and that's a lot of cutlery. But then, we had a lot on our plate — a £3½ million package deal to design, build, furnish and equip the Royal Teheran Hilton Hotel up to complete guest-readiness. Which meant supplying tons of structural steel and sets of silver, shipping chefs' hats and safety helmets, handling pourers for coffee as well as concrete.

Now the first guests have moved in on what was virgin ground only two years ago. They are inside one of the tallest buildings in Asia, one of the finest hotels in the world—"packaged" product of a single organisation controlling and co-ordinating all operations from nearly 3,000 miles away.

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Volume CCLII No. 3271 LONDON, February 9, 1963

THE SPHERE

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ROYAL VISIT TO FIJI

On the first stage of the Royal Tour, the Queen stands on the quayside in Suva, the capital of Fiji, with the Governor of the island, Sir Kenneth Maddocks, before embarking in the Royal Yacht *Britannia*. The photograph was received in London by radio. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived by air at Nandi Airport for their visit to the island where they were welcomed by huge crowds. From Fiji, Her Majesty and Prince Philip sailed in the *Britannia* to New Zealand, where they are visiting Waitangi, Auckland, Tauranga, Napier, Wellington, Nelson and Christchurch among other cities. An article on New Zealand, by Sir Thomas Macdonald, High Commissioner for New Zealand in London, appears on pp. 204 to 207. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will then fly to Canberra for the last stage of the tour, the visit to Australia. In *The Sphere* next week there will be an article on Australia by Field-Marshal Viscount Slim, the Governor-General of Australia from 1953 to 1960

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ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE TO MR. HUGH GAITSKELL—THE WORLD PAYS ITS TRIBUTE

Mrs. Gaitskell is accompanied by her daughters, Cressida and Julia, as they reach Westminster Abbey for the memorial service. **Above centre:** The Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, and Lady Dorothy Macmillan. **Above right:** Mr. Gaitskell's predecessor as leader of the Labour Party, Lord Attlee, with his wife. **Right:** Leaving Westminster Abbey after the service are Lord Alexander of Hillsborough and Mr. and Mrs. George Brown. **Far right:** Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilson. Over 2,000 people attended the service last week. It was a remarkable international, as well as national, tribute to the late Leader of the Opposition, one of Britain's most distinguished and respected political figures. Foreign representatives included Hr. J. O. Krag, the Danish Premier, and Herr Brandt, Mayor of West Berlin. The Queen was represented by the Earl of Eldon. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave the final blessing, was joined in procession by the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, the Rev. H. F. Lovell Cocks, and the Bishop of London, Dr. Stopford. In the gathering were representatives of every section of British life

AMONG THOSE PAYING TRIBUTE—MR. GAITSKELL'S FORMER COLLEAGUES IN THE SHADOW CABINET

Sayyid Khalid Mohammed Jaffar, the new Ambassador of Kuwait in London, and his wife, wait at their hotel for the coaches taking them to Buckingham Palace. The Ambassador, presenting his credentials, and his wife were received by the Queen last week before Her Majesty left for her tour of Fiji, Australia and New Zealand

THE NEW KUWAITI AMBASSADOR IN LONDON

Far right: Mr. H. N. Khan, the new Pakistani Ambassador to Jordan, presents his credentials to King Hussein in the Royal Palace in Amman. Background are the Jordanian Foreign Minister, Dr. Nuseibeh, and the Chief of the Royal Court

THE NEW PAKISTANI AMBASSADOR TO JORDAN

In London before the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh leave for their tour of Fiji, Australia and New Zealand—Her Majesty and the Duke are welcomed on arrival for luncheon with the Australian High Commissioner and Lady Harrison. **Right:** On the following day, they lunch with the New Zealand High Commissioner, Sir Thomas Macdonald

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA PAYS A HAPPY ONE-DAY VISIT TO GLASGOW

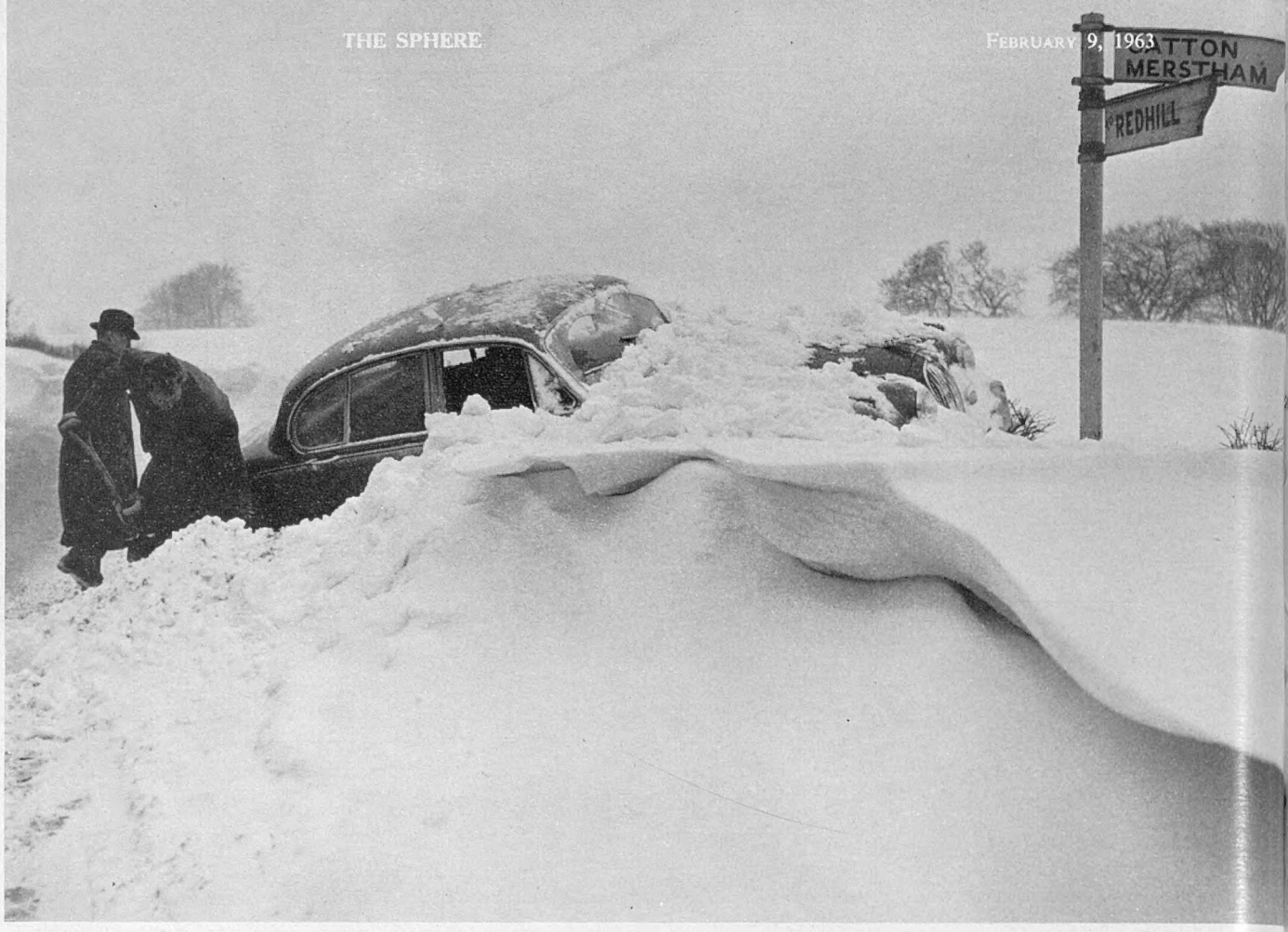
rincess Alexandra walks past a e of nurses as she arrives at bhill General Hospital in asgow. Behind her is the Lord ovost of Glasgow, Mrs. Jean berts. Last week, Princess exandra spent a full day of engements in the Scottish city, ore joining her fiancé, Mr. gus Ogilvy, for a short visit to home at Airlie Castle in Perthre. At the hospital, she opened Edward Mother and Baby it and Premature Baby Unit. hile she was there, she told audience, "I feel fortunate eed that I am to marry a otsman." About 100 guests ended the civic luncheon at hich the Lord Provost wished e couple a happy future. Before aving Glasgow, Princess Alexndra received the diploma of honorary fellowship of the Royal College of Physicians of Glasgow

ATHENS WELCOMES ITS DANISH PRINCESS

Prince Constantine, the 22-year-old heir to the Greek throne, and his fiancée, Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark, are cheered as they are driven through the streets of Athens on their arrival from Copenhagen, where their engagement had been announced. Thousands of Greeks braved the bitterly cold weather in the Greek capital last week to welcome the young couple. They were accompanied on their stay in Greece by Princess Anne-Marie's parents. The two Royal families spent a few days together before King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika left for a State visit to India

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A car is dug out of a snowdrift after skidding off the road at the top of Reigate Hill in Surrey. It was only one of many similar scenes in Britain last weekend as the bitterly cold weather returned to dispel any hopes of a prolonged thaw. Last Monday snow still covered practically the whole of the country. In the South, the worst hit area was Kent, where all the roads were ice-bound. According to the RAC, the prolonged cold spell was likely to add millions of pounds to the bill for national road clearance. Large stretches of some main roads showed signs of cracking up from frost

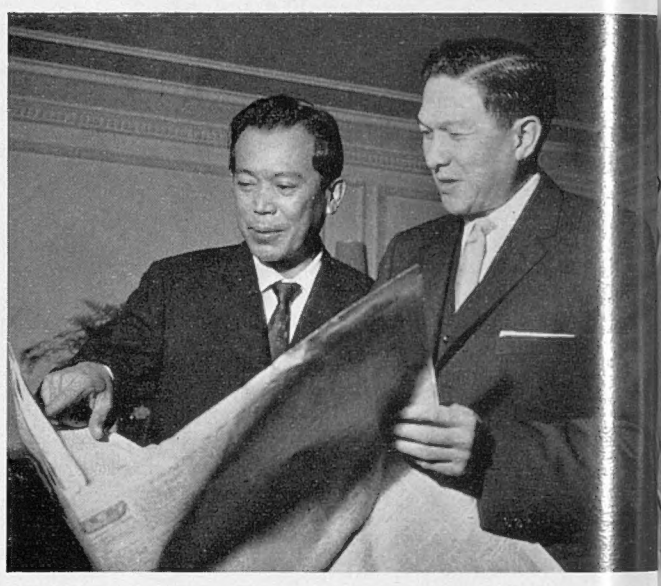


THE RETURN OF THE BLIZZARDS TO THE WHOLE OF BRITAIN

Below right: Mr. A. L. Williams, general secretary of the Labour Party, addresses a Press conference in London to announce the Party's preparations for a General Election. He said that the breakdown of the Common Market negotiations had, if anything, made a spring election more likely. Among plans announced by Mr. Williams was a conference of affiliated trade unions at which there would be an appeal for contributions to the election fund

LABOUR'S PLANS FOR A GENERAL ELECTION

Far right: Mr. Pelaez (right), the Vice-President and Foreign Minister of the Philippines, and Mr. Nazareno, of the Philippine Embassy in London, study a newspaper in a London hotel. The Vice-President was heading the Philippine delegation for the talks on defence with British Ministers. It was on the grounds of defence needs that the Philippines renewed their claim to British North Borneo. Britain does not accept this claim, but its renewal has added to the crisis in S.E. Asia regarding the proposed Federation of Malaysia —of Malaya, Singapore, British North Borneo, Sarawak and Brunei. Last Sunday over 100 "United Front" Communists and their sympathisers, who oppose the Malaysia plan, were arrested in Singapore. According to the authorities the Front planned to establish a "Communist Cuba" in Singapore to prevent the formation of Malaysia



CLAIMANTS TO BRITISH NORTH BORNEO

AIR DISASTER OVER ANKARA

Burning wreckage from the collision of two aircraft litters a street in Ankara, the Turkish capital. By last Monday the death roll in the tragedy had risen to 78, with more than a hundred injured. A Viscount airliner of Middle East Airlines, preparing to descend to 6,500 ft. on its approach to Ankara airport, and a Turkish Air Force C47 transport on a training flight, collided. Most of those killed perished on the ground as burning wreckage from the two aircraft fell on a crowded business quarter of Ankara. On board the airliner were 11 passengers and a crew of three. All were killed. The pilot, Captain M. Stilwell, was the only Briton

NEWS SUMMARY

UNCSAT at Geneva; moves to counter the collapse of Brussels talks; defence discussions in Washington and London; unemployment fears in Malta; self-government in Nyasaland

INTERNATIONAL

Some 1,500 experts from 90 nations gathered in **Geneva** on Monday for the opening of the United Nations Conference on the Application of Science and Technology to the less developed areas of the world. The conference is to be known by its initials as UNCSAT. Over 1,800 papers had been accepted and distributed by the secretariat before the start of the conference and subjects are grouped into 12 general categories. It is usually held there are around 80 countries which are underdeveloped and in need of assistance from the 30 rich and developed countries of the world.

Geneva will also be the scene for the reassembly of the 18-nation disarmament conference on February 12. Last week Russia broke off the East-West negotiations taking place in Washington and New York for banning nuclear tests and proposed they should be renewed at the 18-nation Geneva conference. The negotiations resulted from an exchange of letters between President Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchev in which the latter conceded the principle of on-site inspections to detect nuclear tests. President Kennedy suspended American underground tests for the negotiations to take place, but as a result of their breakdown it was reported this week the tests might be renewed.

In the aftermath of the collapse of the EEC talks in Brussels on Britain's entry, Mr. Herter, President Kennedy's special representative for trade negotiations, ended his tour of Europe with a brief visit to London. One of the main subjects of discussion was believed to be alterations in Commonwealth trading preferences. This linked with recent speeches by British ministers for a general lowering of world tariffs.

On the question of France's differences with the West on defence as well as trade, President Kennedy last weekend called to Washington his ambassadors in London, Paris and Bonn to review the situation.

ITALY

In **Rome** last weekend Mr. Macmillan had talks with Signor Fanfani, the Italian Prime Minister. Overriding issues discussed were (1) the present position of Britain and the Common Market countries following the end of the Brussels negotiations, and (2) the establishment of the multilateral NATO nuclear force. Before Mr. Macmillan left Rome he said that the time was past when one man or one nation could try to dominate Europe. The best way of preserving Britain's ties with Europe appeared to be the reactivation of the seven-nation Western European Union, of which France is a member, and which could serve as a forum for close political discussion with the other five members of the EEC. Mr. Macmillan was accompanied in Rome by Mr. Heath, the Lord Privy Seal. During his visit the Prime Minister had an audience with the Pope.

GREAT BRITAIN

In the Defence debate in the House of Commons last week, Mr. Macmillan announced that the British Polaris submarines were expected to be ready by 1968. The four or five submarines would each carry 16 Polaris missiles. On the subject of cost, which had been causing much debate inside and outside the Government, Mr. Macmillan said that up to last year the U.S. had spent some £700,000,000 on the development of the two existing marks of Polaris. Under the Nassau agreement, if Britain decided to buy either, the country would have to contribute nothing to these development charges. But should the longer-range Mark 3 be chosen, which is now approaching production, it had been agreed that Britain would then pay a 5 per cent. surcharge on the final production price for research and development.

It was also announced last week that Britain would assign its force of 200-plus V-bombers to NATO, subject to satisfactory agreement with other member countries of NATO. This decision follows on the Nassau agreement that Britain and the U.S. should press forward with the concept of the multilateral NATO nuclear force. Although the terms of the assignment of the V-bombers have still to be worked out, Britain will retain the right and means to use them to safeguard national interests.

RHODESIA AND NYASALAND

Mr. Butler, in his capacity as Minister responsible for Central African Affairs, concluded his tour of Rhodesia and Nyasaland last Saturday and flew back to Britain. Before leaving **Salisbury,** he spoke of the " very tangled problem " of the future of the Federation and added he was " glad to have found certain skeins or threads that may lead us through to a solution " (see also page 196).

On the previous day Nyasaland became a self-governing country and Dr. Banda its first Prime Minister. It was expected the new Government would shortly change the name of the country to Malawi. One of Dr. Banda's first declarations as Prime Minister was that Nyasaland would secede from the Central African Federation. However, Mr. Butler, when he reached Britain, said it was impossible to give a date for this.

The Queen leaves a Vancouver Hotel to resume her flight to Fiji. She and the Duke spent the night in Vancouver, having already been delayed, when their airliner had to turn back because of deteriorating weather at Honolulu

The result of the first ballot by the Parliamentary Labour Party to choose between Mr. George Brown, Mr. Harold Wilson and Mr. James Callaghan as their next leader was due on Thursday. Speaking last weekend in **Corby,** Northamptonshire, Mr. Brown strongly condemned as a waste of public money the successful takeover by the State-owned steel company, Richard Thomas and Baldwins, of the Whitehead Iron and Steel Co. RTB out-manoeuvred the private steel company of Stewarts and Lloyds.

Cardinal D'Alton, Primate of All Ireland, died last week, aged 80, in **Dublin,** shortly after returning to Ireland from London where he had attended the Solemn Requiem Mass for Cardinal Godfrey. (See p. 201.)

This Friday, February 8, 170 businessmen were to fly to Moscow from London on a goodwill visit at the invitation of Mr. Roy Thomson, proprietor of the *Sunday Times*, in celebration of the first birthday of the newspaper's colour section. They were to fly in a Russian Tu 114 airliner, the largest passenger aircraft in service, making its first appearance at London Airport.

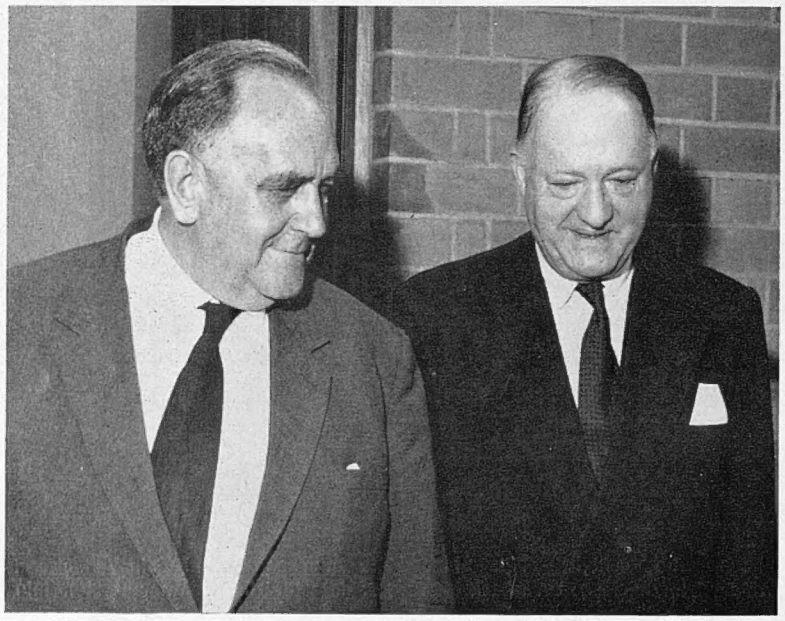
MALTA

There were fears of serious unemployment on the island owing to the protracted talks on the future of the Bailey's Dockyard, **Valletta**. It employs 5,000 men: there are already 6,000 unemployed in Malta. Last weekend Lord Lansdowne, Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, flew to the island for talks with the Prime Minister, Dr. Borg Olivier, and the Governor, Sir Maurice Dorman.

DEATH OF GORDON COOPER

At the time of going to press news has been received from Nairobi of the sudden death there of THE SPHERE's travel correspondent, Gordon Cooper. He was a much-valued contributor. An appreciation of Mr. Cooper will be published in next week's issue.

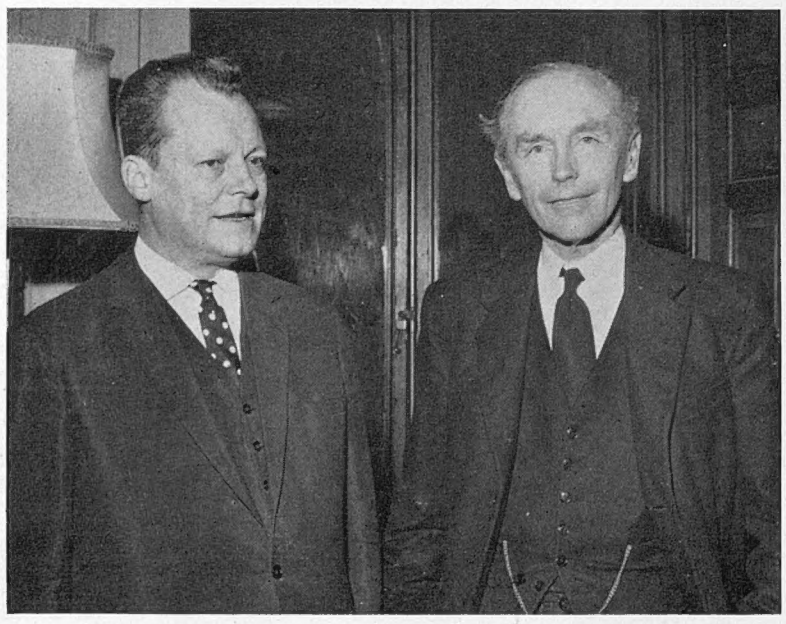
Some of the delegates from Swaziland to the talks in London on the future constitution of their country. From the left they are: Mr. J. M. B. Sukati; Mr. M. P. Nhlabatsi; Mr. S. T. M. Sukati; Mr. P. L. Dlamini; Mr. A. K. Hlope and Mr. B. A. Dlamini. The discussions are taking place at the Colonial Office



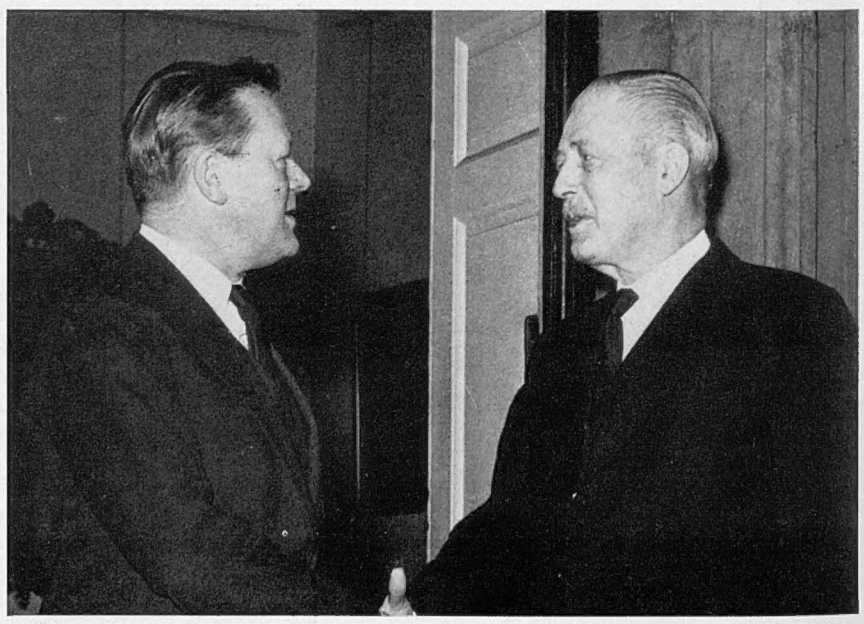
Mr. Butler with Sir Roy Welensky outside the latter's office in Salisbury

TALKS, TOURS AND VISITS

Owing to the conflict of views between the British Government, on the one hand, and the Swaziland European Advisory Council and the Swazi National Council, on the other, the talks in London on the constitutional future of Swaziland are expected to last some time. Other news from Africa last week included reports of Mr. Butler's tour of the Central African Federation and of the visit of the President of the Republic of Congo (the former French Congo) to the neighbouring Congolese Republic (the former Belgian Congo). Two visitors in London were Hr. Jens Otto Krag, the Prime Minister of Denmark, who had talks with Mr. Macmillan, and the Mayor of Berlin, Herr Brandt, who also visited Whitehall, to see Lord Home. On the other side of the world President Novotny of Czechoslovakia was given a traditional welcome on Bali during his tour of Indonesia.



Herr Brandt calls on Lord Home at the Foreign Office in Whitehall



At Admiralty House, London, Hr. Krag, Danish Prime Minister, calls on Mr. Macmillan

From Congo to Congo—President Kasavubu (centre in white uniform) of the Congolese Republic and Abbé Fulbert Youlou, President of the Republic of Congo, walk together in Leopoldville. **Below:** Dancers on the island of Bali perform before President Novotny of Czechoslovakia, who is on the steps with Indonesia's President Sukarno (in uniform)

JOHN CONNELL

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

So the great dream has been shattered. Never having shared it to the full, never having seen British membership of EEC as the exciting and all-embracing solution to our difficulties, I can—and do—feel deeply sorry for those who had totally committed themselves and are now threshing around forlornly, looking for swift and satisfactory substitutes.

During the bleak hours early last week which preceded and then followed the final breakdown of the Brussels talks, I found myself (as I suppose others may have done) recalling, not in detail but in vivid outline, some other crucial days in May 1940 during which Churchill and his emissaries pleaded and argued—to no apparent immediate avail—with another French Government, stubborn, scared and resentful. Then, France faced imminent and terrible military defeat, surrender and occupation. Now, France, linked to Western Germany in a new *entente* which it would be exuberantly optimistic to call *cordiale*, seems to be riding confidently towards the assumption of European leadership, a major break with the United States and the Atlantic Alliance, and a concrete understanding with the Soviet Union.

General de Gaulle has played his cards boldly and—at moments—hazardously; but it cannot be alleged that his motives have been petty or that the stakes have not been high. Most men of my generation on both sides of the Channel have regarded the maintenance of the Anglo-French Alliance, through good times and through rough, as of such

In Brussels Mr. Heath, Mr. Sandys, Mr. Soames, Herr Schröder, West German Foreign Minister, and Sir Eric Roll of the British delegation, talk together after the breakdown

fundamental importance and rightness that we never questioned it. That assumption has now been chucked overboard.

De Gaulle's reasons for the analysis he made and the action he took deserve more careful scrutiny and less slapdash and melodramatic abuse than they have so far received. It is doing him—and history—an injustice to argue that he took his decision in a mood of pettishness over the Skybolt-Polaris episode and the Nassau conversations. He has long pondered, and with increasing disquiet, America's role in the Atlantic Alliance, and Britain's compliant acceptance of subordination to American leadership, not only in Europe but throughout the world. He has not been impressed (both before and after he returned to power) with either the sagacity or the disinterestedness of many American decisions on world diplomacy and grand strategy. He has now taken the biggest, most critical step towards dissociating France (and with France, as much of Western Europe as he can get to go along) from American leadership of the West. Britain in his view has chosen—or circumstances have forced her to choose—continued close *but subordinate* association with the United States: so much the worse for Britain.

Sourness and vindictive anti-Gallicism are completely out of place in the dilemma into which we have been driven. It is of the essence of tragedy that men move to irrevocable decisions out of high and noble motives; our troubles come upon us not out of the evil or the folly we imagine, but out of the good we strive to do. And this is as truly a tragic situation as any that this country has faced since 1940. There is much to mourn, but there is no reason for despair, so long as we address ourselves to our present challenge in the kind of mood and temper that animated us in that long-ago summer.

Then, the threat was obvious and immediate. Now it is diffuse, hidden and extremely insidious. Then it was external; now its graver manifestations are inside ourselves, in individuals and in our society as a whole. We are—in all essentials—in as big a mess as we were during the weeks after Dunkirk; to use a brisk, Nannyish phrase which was a favourite of Lord Wavell's, we must get tidied up—in our domestic affairs as much, and as urgently, as in our external relations. The tidying up cannot be a comfortable or a leisurely process. January's severe weather, power cuts and sombre unemployment figures all combined to demonstrate forcibly that the slogan " never had it so good " was one of the most ill-blessed that ever slipped from the lips of an intelligent, sensitive and usually far-sighted man. January also showed the narrowness of the margin in our economy between booming prosperity and depressing slump.

At a turning point such as this in our national history it is doubtful—to put it as mildly as I can—whether the political leaders who have been trundling along, more and more wearily and in more and more obvious bewilderment and moral disarray, in one direction are really the appropriate people to execute a sudden about turn and charge off vigorously up a totally different road, with a new objective, new maps and a fresh plan of battle. This seems to me a sound political principle, of general application. Inevitably there are additional personal factors. Can a Prime Minister who has endured so signal a reversal of all his hopes and aspirations as has now been inflicted on Mr. Macmillan retain not only the confidence of his Cabinet and his Party, but his own confidence in his own judgment and foresight? We have seen two Prime Ministers in recent times suffering similar grim ordeals—Neville Chamberlain and Anthony Eden. The precedents are not notably encouraging.

It is on this account that the sudden death of Hugh Gaitskell comes to be regarded as a national as well as a personal calamity. Whether he had an alternative Government at his back is questionable; but he was without doubt recognised in this country and the world at large as an alternative Prime Minister; and he had evolved, cautiously and courageously, an alternative policy to the Government's persistent and virtually unconditional appeals for admission to EEC. The sense of absence not only of vigorous and well-founded criticism of the Government's attitude and actions, but of feasible alternative national leadership, is the measure of the loss.

The EEC issue never really hardened on conventional Party lines, because its roots lay deeper than in Party differences. Now that we are abruptly excluded (and to think that his partners' lamentations and disgruntlement will make President de Gaulle change his mind is, in my view, highly illusory), is not a coalition of some sort required, to undertake the radical reconstruction and reactivation of purposes and policies that are essential? Few students of political history, and few active politicians, hold coalitions in much esteem; but it is a fact that, from Pitt onwards to Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, there have been more successful coalitions in our history than ineffective or disastrous. A General Election this spring would be irrelevant. Yet a new or widely reconstructed Administration there must be, with a new purpose. How are we going to get it? And what is it going to put in the great void left by our being shut out of EEC?

In the immediate aftermath there was a natural and obvious turning back towards EFTA and the Commonwealth. Our more stalwart and understanding partners in these two great associations have borne our long flirtation with EEC with remarkable understanding and trust in our motives. But it is important to recognise that neither the Commonwealth nations nor our friends in EFTA have stood still in the years since we went a-wooing. We made it clear—more than once—that while we were decently anxious to safeguard as many of our Commonwealth connections, both economic and political, as we could, we were determined, in the ultimate analysis, to put our own interests, our own search for expanded and expanding markets, first, so that the countries of the old Commonwealth (New Zealand, Australia and Canada principally, and the Rhodesias to some extent) can hardly be blamed if they cast a wary glance or two at the prodigal mother on her return.

In EFTA the Danes, like the New Zealanders in the Commonwealth, were amongst those who would have suffered most grievously had Britain secured her own entry into EEC. Yet when General de Gaulle, with an obviousness which is not usually characteristic of his diplomacy, made unilateral overtures to Denmark, they were unequivocally rejected. Honourable actions such as this redeem a distressing situation. Yet no small part of its distress (and its sharp irony) is that while Britain's isolation is now made extremely clear, France on the course she has chosen appears to be entering a new and even more desolate moral and political loneliness—a separation not only from " the Anglo-Saxons " but from her own partners in EEC. Seen in this light, Mr. Macmillan's description of the breakdown of the talks as " bad for us, bad for Europe, bad for the whole free world " is completely truthful.

Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the Head of Government of Cambodia, is welcomed at the airport in New Delhi by India's Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru. Beyond them, Prince Sihanouk's wife is being greeted by Dr. Radhakrishnan, the President of India. Prince Sihanouk and his wife were about to start a short State visit of India. Cambodia is one of the neutral states which drew up the Colombo plan for settling the Sino-Indian frontier dispute

WELCOME TO DELHI

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A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

REPENTANCE OFT I SWORE . . .

" When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."
So Shakespeare in *Julius Caesar*.

Mr. Gaitskell's untimely death produced a comet in Parliamentary life. All parties suddenly discovered in him a Prince of Courtesy—and relevance, and all who spoke to his merits in the House abandoned the formalised obituary oratory and spoke of him in plain English and from their hearts. Some of them, outside the House, went further. The two chief candidates for his place made a pact of loyalty to their new chief whoever he might be. Death quits old scores and usually invites repentance which may survive for longer or shorter periods, like New Year resolves. For other reasons, too, sometimes the sword rusts in its sheath, and men grow tired of constant quarrels and aggression, and see the prime virtue of courtesy and self-restraint. We are passing through a vale of tears and there lies some comfort in evidence that pacts of non-aggression are in the air—regional pacts, perhaps. France and Germany are clearly tired of centuries of mutual fear and suspicion. Khrushchev has discovered that Berlin is not worth the bones of a grenadier, and the British Labour Party for the party's good has promised loyalty to its leader. One, but not all, of these good resolutions, the posthumous discovery of Mr. Gaitskell's chief virtues brought about. Time will show how many of them prove more enduring than New Year repentance. There is certainly more logic and plain common sense in Labour's pact than in the de Gaulle-Adenauer *entente*; the one promises to cement a party; the other splits a continent. But there's a lot to be said for trying out pacts of non-aggression, even regionally. They may lead to a global acceptance one day of the worth of Mr. Gaitskell's discovered virtues. It occurs to me that a " Courtesy Year " on a global scale would result in more productivity than a Productivity Year, *tout court*.

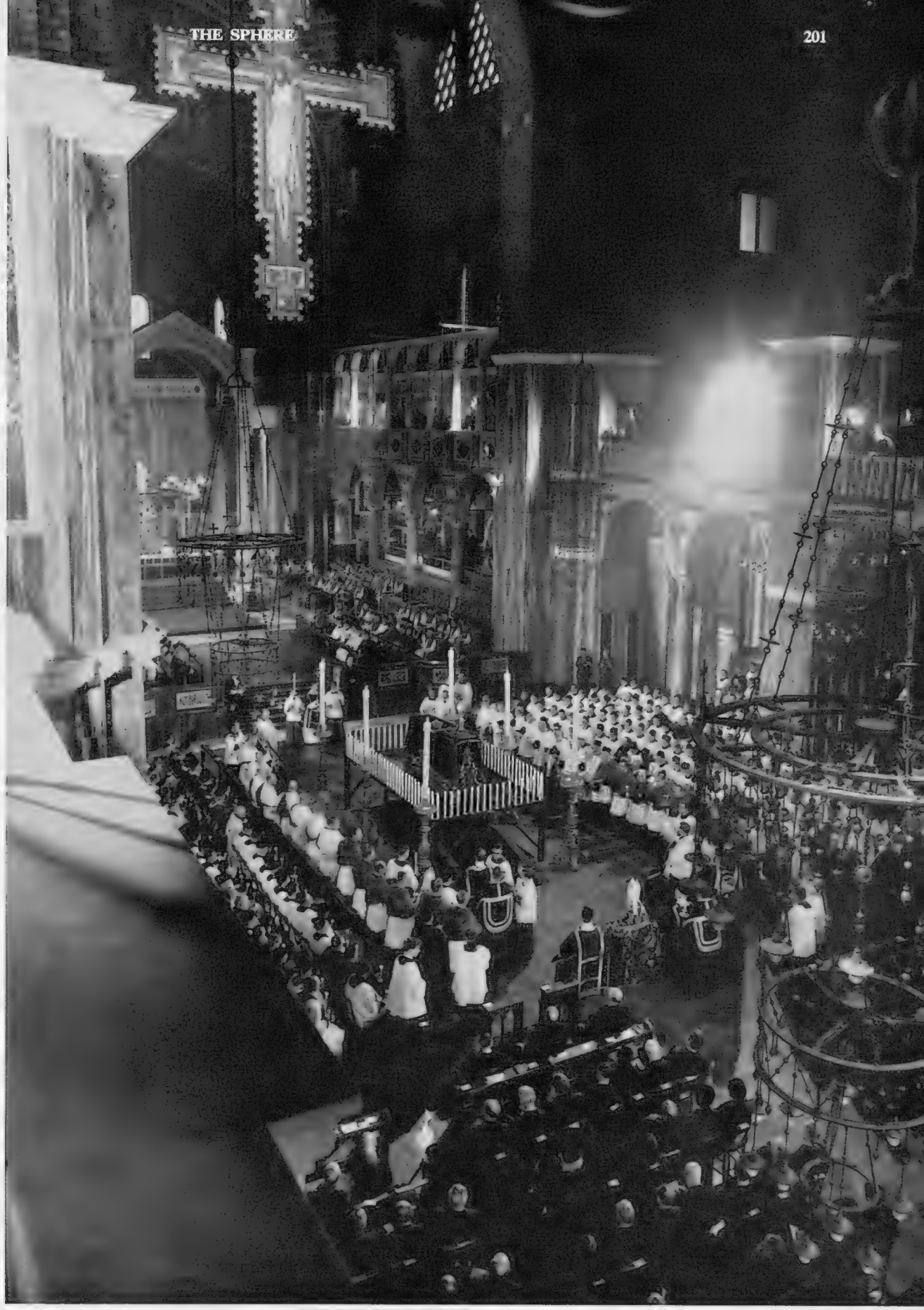
GAMBLING ON A GUESS. Since £ s. d. was the prime consideration in almost every aspect of the nation's campaign to beat the Great Freeze-up, there is much to be said for notional pools. Public morale must be kept up and it can only be done by carrying on its circuses. We must gamble or wilt, and pools gambling is one of gambling's purest forms. But why should the idea stop at pools, or be a temporary emergency device? Most of the circuses which draw the public are expensive to produce and sometimes uncomfortable to attend. Why stage them? Why not provide a panel of experts-on-form to decide the Derby and save the congestion on the roads and on the course at Epsom? And why go to the trouble and expense of sending 17 cricketers in the charge of a Duke to Australia when the question of the Ashes could be settled by a panel of cricket-journalists on a majority vote? And, if that is agreed, why bother about holding general elections when a panel of opinion poll experts and lobby correspondents can safely be left to decide on the political party to assume place and power? There is a lot of money and trouble that could be saved if we fall back on " notional " results in every sphere of human life and abandon the tiresome habits of amateur peeping-round-the-next-corner. Life's a gamble. All things show it. I thought so once and now I know it. As R.L.S. once argued, why go to the expense of buying umbrellas, goloshes and thick woolly vests, when you are just as likely to meet your God by slipping up on the ice or falling through it? Everyone of us can make himself a pair of blinkers from a discarded duster at no cost and very little trouble. But Governments will always see more danger than profit in taxing or restricting the people's food—and circuses.

The hounds move off at the start of the meet of the Old Berkeley Foxhounds at Hastoe Mill in Hertfordshire. Owing to the snow the recent meet was held for foot followers. Only the huntsman and one follower were mounted

COUNTING THE COST. Perhaps it is early days to count the cost to individual householders or the nation at large of the " record " freeze-up. There may be more to come, and now that water mains, too, are frozen up 2 ft. under ground until Nature chooses to unfreeze them, an accurate estimate is quite impossible. But when the bills do come in (with a demand for rates and perhaps taxation assessments considerably higher), it is safe to say that the middle cut of householder in country districts will have a shock, and that even when he has sacrificed his family treasures and parted with some of his savings to pay the bills, the cost-of-living will be considerably higher for a long time ahead.

His electricity or gas and his oil or coal accounts may well be doubled. The visits during and after the emergency of his plumber and, probably, builder will be expensive. His efforts to supplement internal heating with new devices and multiple lagging are already chalked up to his account. His garden losses in vegetables and main crop potatoes will long increase his living costs. His metal water tanks will all fall to be replaced. His fruit cage probably lies flat on the ground under the weight of snow with all that it contained. He can discount the loss of his hopes for his flower garden, no doubt, as a lost luxury. The kitchen garden is another matter. Then again, his car is probably not what it was and will need attention and his efforts to open his garage doors over the frozen ridges will certainly have done no good to his garage. I should say he will be let off lightly if he has to find no more than £150 extra above the normal winter period and a significant increase in living costs for the rest of the year. And if one man in that particular category is faced with such extra costs, who will venture to assess the costs to the nation in the loss of productivity and constructive work, in sickness, in extra benefits, in the huge costs of keeping communications open on roads and railways, in clearing drifts, and in rescue work? Whatever the astronomical figure worked out, our man in this " one

hree Cardinals attended the Solemn Requiem ass for Cardinal Godfrey in Westminster athedral, London. **From the top, above:** ardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York; ardinal D'Alton, Primate of All Ireland; nd Cardinal Alfrink, Archbishop of Utrecht



The scene inside Westminster Cathedral as the Solemn Requiem Mass is celebrated for Cardinal Godfrey, seventh Archbishop of Westminster. The Mass was followed by the panegyric delivered by Archbishop Heenan of Liverpool

articular category" must not forget his hare of the nation's little bill in his private budget.

150 YEARS AND STILL RUNNING. This year 1963 holds the 150th anniversary of the publication of *Pride and Prejudice*, a novel which has perhaps given as much pleasure and profit to readers as any since published.* I confess I find it difficult to fault. My sole "amendment"—since the vulgarity of Mrs. Bennet has made my heart bleed for Jane and Elizabeth ever since I was ten years old—would have it that Jane and Elizabeth were the daughters of an earlier and wiser marriage by Mr. B. A correspondent from Vancouver has recently sent me a synopsis of a "sequel" to *P. and P.* which she has written. It is not the first "sequel" to be written to this or other classics and those who attempt such "sequels" must possess hearts of oak and triple brass. My correspondent has found a chink in Miss Austen's carefully forged armour. She can never understand how anyone called Collins could inherit the Bennet Estate—in tail—male. (Not surely impossible to wriggle out of that.) Anyway, she has killed off the egregious Collins in chapter one and in the rest of her book searches for an authentic heir. Perhaps it is wisest to let Miss Austen speak for herself. She said a mouthful; and enough is as good as a feast.

"HONS' CUPBOARD." At the end of the last Eton half, the *Daily Telegraph* reported:

LEAVERS FROM
ETON COLLEGE

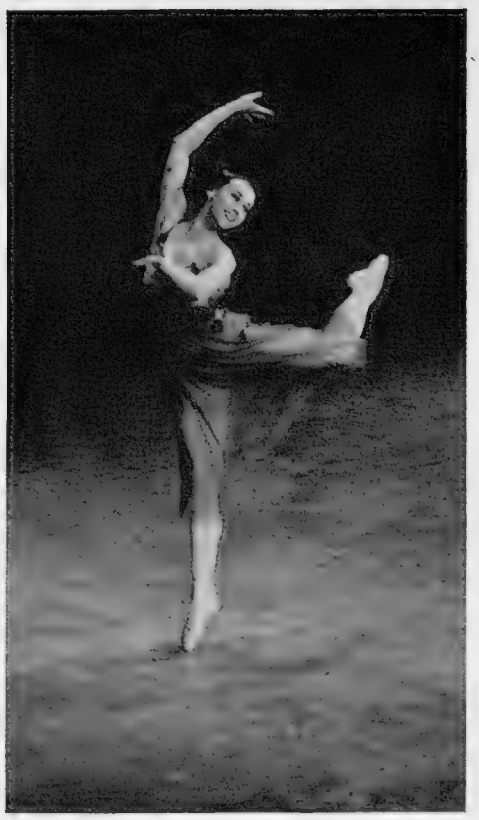
Prince Richard of Gloucester is among the 97 boys leaving Eton College today. . . . Also going are S. A. Head, son of Viscount Head, J. C. Craig, son of Viscount Craigavon, S. M. Arthur, son of Lord Glenarthur, R. J. F. Cobbold, son of Lord Cobbold, and M. B. Tollemache, son of Lord Tollemache.

If this announcement suggested to some that the Eton "Hons' Cupboard" was being emptied out, there was never any cause for alarm. It needed little faith and small patience to expect news of its replenishment on January 23; five new boys whose "names make news" will keep the cupboard up to strength. The 90 other boys who left last half and the other 82 who joined the school this half have still laborious years ahead of them before their names, too, can hope to make news. But the "Hons' Cupboard" goes marching on, and you can see that the spirit of the old *Morning Post* is still going strong.

THE OLD STAGER

* *Pride and Prejudice:* a novel by a lady, author of *Sense and Sensibility* (T. Egerton. 18s.) Jan. 28, 1813.

Shamil Yagudin as Pan in *Walpurgis Night*



Nina Timofeyeva as Bacchante in the same ballet

Members of the corps de ballet in the opening of Act 4 of *Bayaderka*

Maya Plisetskaya, prima ballerina, as *The Dying Swan*

The last time that the Bolshoi were seen in London was in October, 1956. They were received then with huge enthusiasm and something akin to awe. In their recent visit to North America, earlier this winter, the 135 dancers on tour, nearly one-half of the permanent company, received equal plaudits. Ballet has existed on the site of the present Bolshoi Theatre since 1780; and at its present home for well over a hundred years. Mounted there with lavish care have been elaborate productions of the great classical ballets, danced with breathtaking precision. Side by side with these works are mounted new ballets—such as Khachaturian's *Gayane*. *Walpurgis Night* is a remounted version of the ballet from Gounod's *Faust*.

The Russian Dance in Act Four of *Gayane*

Some of the dancers at the wedding feast in *Gayane*

Left: Tatiana Popko in the tambourine dance in *Gayane*

Right: The nymphs and bacchantes in *Walpurgis Night*

Demonstrating the long years of exacting training at the Bolshoi—the corps de ballet in *Ballet School*

ENTERTAINMENT

BOLSHOI

The best-known ballet company in the world, from the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, photographed at Madison Square Garden in New York by ***John Blomfield.*** *The Bolshoi is expected to give a month's season at the Royal Opera House, London, from July 1*

The Voice of the Commonwealth

LAND OF VIGOUR AND VARIETY

By **Sir Thomas Macdonald,** *High Commissioner for New Zealand in London*

New Zealanders are again welcoming the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with that warmth and whole-hearted affection which was so evident on their earlier visit there together in 1953-54. This will be a shorter more informal tour, of a different pattern from the previous visit, but the Royal couple will see a great many places in the time available. Most of the formal functions have been arranged in such a way that as many people as possible will be able to be there. Arrangements have also been made for large numbers of children to see the Royal couple.

The Queen and the Duke, themselves, will see a considerable cross-section of our people and life in the functions and inspections which have been arranged in each of the four main cities and in provincial areas. They will see a variety of aspects of our industries, culture and sport, and it is pleasing that the Queen, as she did on her previous visit, will open a session of Parliament.

One impression that I am sure the Queen will gain will be the considerable development which has taken place in the ten years since her previous visit. New Zealand is, as yet, a young country as far as European settlement is concerned; it is not a large country as regards population. But it has vigorous, intelligent and adaptable people who, despite some problems which face them, have great confidence in the future of their country. This will be evident in much the Royal visitors will see.

New Zealand, an archipelago which has most of its population of nearly 2,500,000 on the two main islands, the North and South, stretches about 1,000 miles from north to south in the middle of the South Pacific Ocean. It has territorial responsibilities which extend from near the Equator to the Antarctic.

It is a rugged, elongated and picturesque country, with one third of its area mountainous and a long coastline, with no inland point at any great distance from the sea. The climate is temperate, great extremes of heat and cold being seldom encountered. New Zealand contains, too, some of the world's most productive farmlands, and the climate is one factor which contributes considerably to their bounty.

The existence of New Zealand became known to the western world through its discovery by the Dutch navigator Tasman in 1642, but the nature of the country emerged much more clearly following its rediscovery by Captain Cook in 1769. Whalers, sealers, missionaries and sailors were the first to play a part in early European settlement at the beginning of the last century but this was not extensive or organised until after 1840. Then, the British Government, at last aroused to action through the efforts of the New Zealand Company, the colonising organisation in London, and through the possibility of annexation by the French, sent its representative to conclude a treaty—the treaty of Waitangi—with the native Maori race under which they accepted British sovereignty, in return for legal protection and guarantees of their land ownership.

Therefore, there could have been no more appropriate place and time to open the present tour than Waitangi, where the Queen and Duke of

Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, has a fine natural harbour. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will be there next week

The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh at Waitangi during their tour of 1953-54

The Marine Parade at Napier in the North Island

Maoris performing a dance at Waitangi

Big-game fishing in the Bay of Islands

Rutherford House at Nelson College

The Cathedral Square at Christchurch, where the Royal tour of New Zealand ends. From here the Queen and the Duke fly to Canberra on February 17

Boating on the River Avon near Christchurch. The names of the town and river are evidence of New Zealand's strong British tradition

Edinburgh arrived on February 6, the anniversary of the day on which the treaty was signed there. They were present at the annual ceremonies, in which both Maoris and Europeans take part, to commemorate the signing of the treaty.

From that time 123 years ago the development of New Zealand as a British country by English, Scottish and Irish settlers began. Not the least remarkable accomplishment of the pioneers of the last century was their creation of such typically British country in a land across the world, about as far from their own former home as it was possible for a ship to take them. It has been said that New Zealand is more British than any country outside Britain herself. Certainly more than 90 per cent. of her population, of which fourth- and fifth-generation New Zealanders are now arising, is of British stock and every year further large numbers of people from Britain go there to settle. Less than two per cent. are of foreign birth.

While New Zealand may, in some details, be evolving a way of life which is different from that which is known in Britain, in broader aspects, apart from the difference of scene, the countries are very similar. They have common allegiance to the Crown, a common culture and language, similar institutions, and close ties of kinship and sentiment.

The Maoris, a Polynesian people, form the other main population group. Their numbers, now more than 160,000, are increasing rapidly. While their way of life is now largely European they are encouraged to preserve their own culture and customs. They, too, have deep loyalty to the Crown. The amity and equality in which the two races live is often held up to the world as an outstanding example of racial tolerance and co-operation. There is no distinction in basic legal, educational, economic or political rights.

One of the world's great farming countries, the export products in which New Zealand specialises are wool, lamb and mutton—there are 20 sheep there to every human being—and dairy produce, mainly butter and cheese. She has become one of the world's greatest exporters of these products and the development of refrigeration has enabled her to send great quantities of foodstuffs overseas to the British market.

The production of lamb, mutton, butter and cheese, which give Britain its best source of high quality food at a reasonable price, has for many years been directed mainly to meeting the needs of Britain, the only country to import them on a large scale. Ninety per cent. of our exports of these foods come to Britain, where they have unrestricted entry. They comprise, in fact, 40 per cent. of our total exports. It can readily be seen that if our trade to Britain in these items, not easily marketable elsewhere, were lost the consequences for New Zealand's economy could be disastrous.

This trade is by no means one-way. New Zealand is a large importer from Britain and although it is a free-enterprise country and can buy from anywhere on the most favourable terms, the British exporter is holding his own on the New Zealand market. Recent figures for

(*Continued on page 206*)

A pastoral scene in a dairying district of Taranaki Province. The snow-covered peak in the distance is Mount Egmont

instance show that in 1960 our exports to Britain were worth £156,000,000, in 1961 £150,000,000. In the same years our imports from Britain were worth £161,000,000 (1960) and £173,000,000 (1961), and to these can be added payments to Britain by New Zealand for services such as shipping and loan servicing. Considered on a per capita basis, our imports from Britain must rank among the highest of any country.

The proportion of our imports from Britain remains very nearly the same as in the immediate pre-war years. This discounts the suggestions, which have been made in recent months, that we are diverting trade from Britain. If, however, our purchases from Britain are being maintained by volume, a change in the pattern of our importing is certainly taking place.

New Zealand's economic development, accelerated during the war years, has led to decreased importations of consumer goods but for increased demands in capital goods, raw materials or investment capital. The scope and output of our manufacturing industries is growing steadily and new undertakings are being added regularly. Many of them have British capital invested in them. The Royal visitors will see something of this industrial growth when they visit factories at Auckland, the most industrialised of our cities. The emergence of these industries means we can make—either from our own resources or imported materials—and assemble goods which we formerly imported. But whereas we need to import fewer consumer goods, our need to import raw materials and capital goods to meet the needs of our industries is increasing.

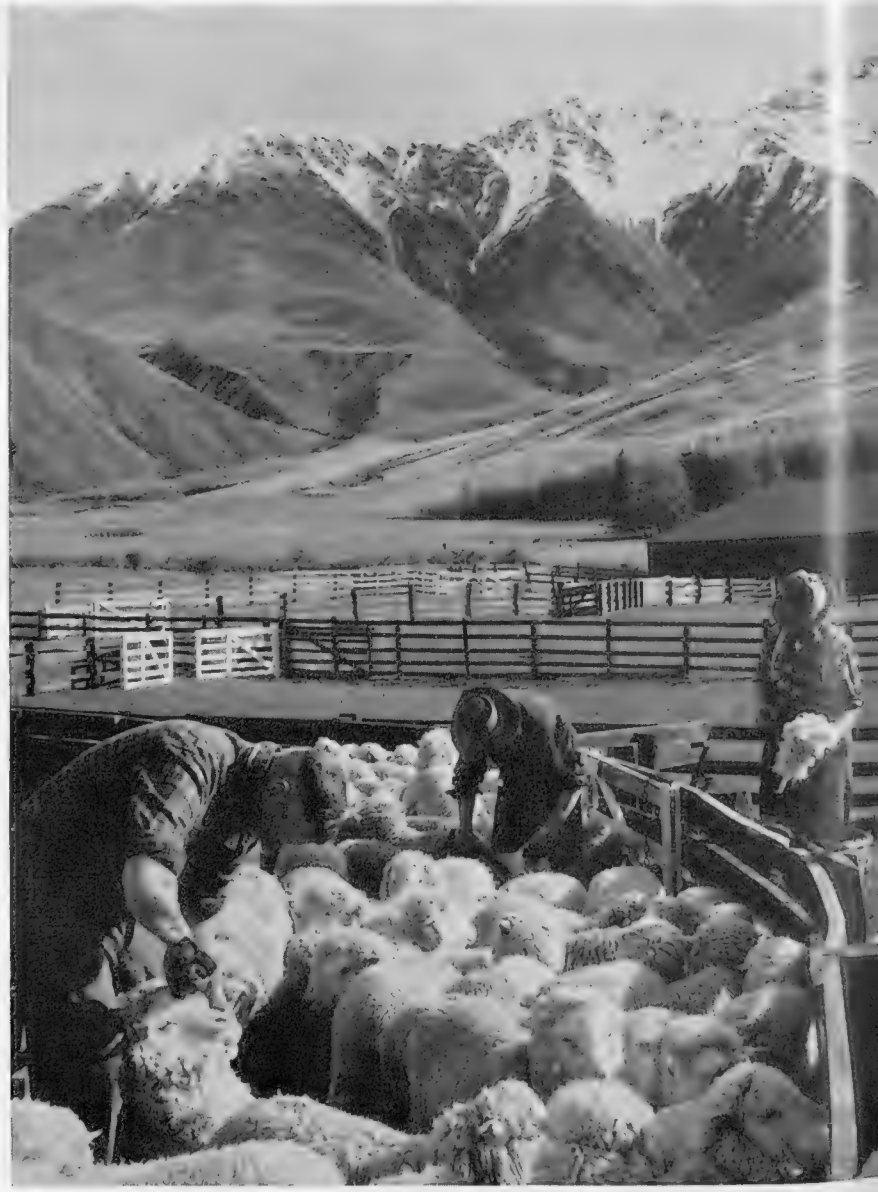
New Zealand is encouraging the development of economic manufacturing to provide employment for a rapidly increasing population and for some years now the number of factory workers has been greater than those on the farms. Agriculture, however, remains the basis of our economy. Our climate, widespread mechanisation and use of scientific methods, enable farming to be conducted without such a large use of manpower. Today's New Zealander is more likely than not to be a city or town dweller; the figures show that about two-thirds of the people live in urban areas.

Farming is not the only way in which New Zealand has become pre-eminent. Mention can be made of our pioneering of social and welfare legislation and services, our expectation of life (one of the highest in the world), with one of the lowest infant mortality rates, and our high standard of living. The prowess of our fighting men, both European and Maori, in two world wars is well known. The achievements of New Zealanders in some forms of sport have been considerable, which is perhaps not surprising for a country which has good facilities for all kinds of recreation and, furthermore, is ideal for all those who enjoy an outdoor life.

I have been able to refer only briefly to some aspects of New Zealand's history, traditions, population, trade and industries. I hope this outline will be of use to some of the many whose interest in my country is undoubtedly being stimulated by the Royal visit.

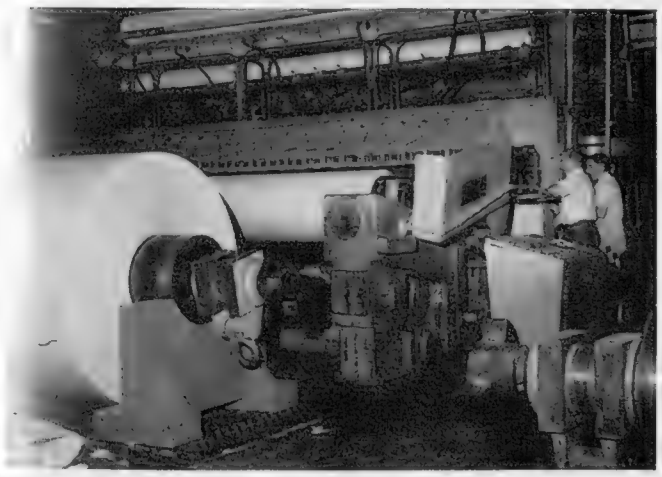
LAND OF VIGOUR AND VARIETY

(*Continued from page 205*)

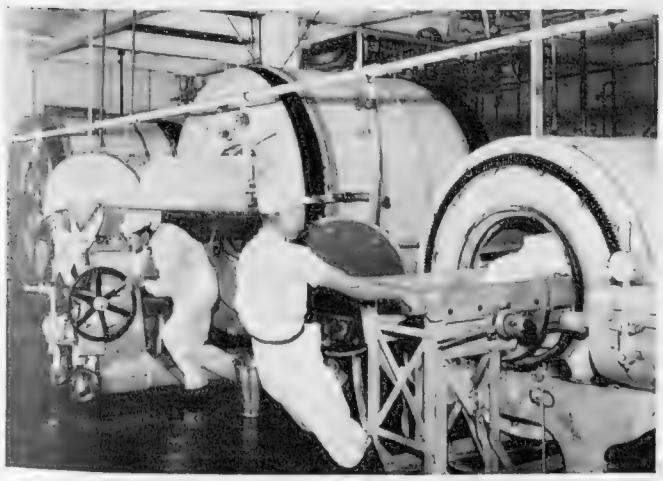


Clipping sheep at the Glentanner Station, Canterbury

busy main street in Auckland. This is the largest town in New Zealand and also the most industrialised



Newsprint comes off a paper-making machine at Kawerau, Bay of Plenty



Butter production at the Blenheim Co-op Dairy Co.

Aerial top-dressing in the Waiouru district, with Mount Ruapehu in the distance

LONDON CLUBS

THE CARLTON

Drawings by
GEOFFREY S. FLETCHER

The Carlton Club, wrote Professor Norman Gash in his *Politics in the Age of Peel*, " was not, and never was intended to be, a mere social centre for gentlemen of the same way of thinking. Politics and political management were dominating considerations from the start; and the Carlton was designed to be a point of union and the centre of organisation for the whole party." However, Sir Charles Petrie in his *The Carlton Club* remarks that it was not until 1912 that it was definitely laid down in the rules that all new members must belong to the Conservative and Unionist Party.

At that time the Carlton had been in existence for 80 years. It was founded in 1832, the year after the defeat of the Tories in the Reform Bill general election, and was intended as a rallying point for the party. Its political influence was unquestionable and the young Disraeli set great store upon being elected a member.

There have been several historic meetings of the Conservative Party at the Club, of which probably the most famous is that of 1922 which broke up the coalition government and finished Lloyd George as Prime Minister.

Disraeli's chair stands at a turning on the main staircase

The Club's first quarters were in Carlton House Terrace, but in 1836 it moved to premises it had had specially built in Pall Mall. And in Pall Mall the club remained until 1940 when the building was heavily damaged by bombs. After a few months the premises were taken over in St. James's Street of Arthur's Club, a social club of long standing which had recently closed. Today, Thomas Hopper's dignified building provides worthy surroundings. It is a rule of the club that the ground-floor rooms are for members only. Guests must be taken upstairs. This enables them to appreciate to the full the magnificence of the main staircase.

C.D.

Left: The main staircase consists of two flights which meet, continue in single flight and then divide again. It is one of the outstanding features of the club building and is surmounted by a cupola-shaped and domed window

he Dining Room in the Annexe has many fine portraits on its walls

The Library has a richly ornamented frieze above Corinthian pilasters

he Morning Room in the Carlton Club has windows looking out to St. James's Street. The building was designed by Thomas Hopper in the late 1820s

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

JUSTICE TO WILKIE COLLINS

By the time you read this I hope that the thaw will have come and that your plumbing will have survived, that the floods will not be too bad, that there will be some warmth in the sun and the first flowers to delight your eyes. As I write there is no sign of a thaw. The snow lies thick upon the ground, the country lanes are ridged like ploughed fields, and the frost continues severe at night (we have recorded 29 deg. of frost and a neighbour 30) and, at best, moderate throughout the day. Gardening is quite out of the question and even bird-watching (save from the windows) would be a bit too chilly. So I have been exploring new fields in literature.

Or rather, that was my intention. I have never been a "thriller" addict—John Buchan relied too much upon coincidence for my taste and Mr. Fleming's James Bond leaves me panting and conscious of my age—but I did think that I ought to be more up to date with detective fiction. I am virtually limited to Sherlock Holmes and Lord Peter Wimsey, and the young of my family keep on telling me that I am too dated to be true. So I have, these last few weeks, been undergoing a course of Perry Mason on television and a variety of paperbacks (provided by the young), which I am assured provide a good cross-section of the best of modern detective fiction. I found the inevitable Sunday success of Perry Mason inexplicable and boring: and the paperbacks (I suppose the choice must have been unfortunate) sent me back—and pretty rapidly—to *The Moonstone* by Wilkie Collins, a book accepted as "the classic of detective fiction" by no less an authority than Dorothy Sayers.

Wilkie Collins is not regarded today as a serious, much less as a great, writer: only *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone* of his 30 or so books survive, and they barely so. I should doubt if he is now read by anyone under middle-age: by most of the rest he will not be known even by name. Perhaps he was never, even in his hey-day when he was a best-seller on both sides of the Atlantic, regarded very highly as a writer. Indeed, it would have been surprising if he had been, for he had the misfortune to live and work in a "golden age" of English literature. His contemporaries were Dickens (who was a close personal friend), Thackeray, George Eliot, Trollope and Mrs. Gaskell, among others.

Only a giant could compete with that galaxy anyhow—and Collins was a writer of what were then known as "sensation novels," not to be taken seriously. Surtees, another contemporary, suffered in the same way: he was regarded simply as a writer of humorous sporting novels, not to be taken seriously. And these reputations linger. We think of Collins (if we do) only as a writer of detective fiction; we think of Surtees only as the creator of Jorrocks. And we do both less than justice. Neither, admittedly, had either the craft or the intellectual power of George Eliot (but nor had Dickens or any of the others), but Surtees was a social historian at least the equal of Dickens or Trollope, though he was working in a different field from them. And Collins?

(Reproduced by permission of the National Portrait Gallery)

William Wilkie Collins—a portrait by J. E. Millais, dated 1850

It would be idle to pretend that Collins's style is anything but pedestrian. He has none of the graces. He says what he has to say, and for the most part he says it in simple, everyday words, eschewing the adjectives. In fact, he was more interested in plot than in prose. Richard Church has said: "Collins made an engineering job of the novel." Years earlier Trollope said much the same thing: "I can never lose the taste of construction." It is true that Collins's novels are wonderfully well constructed: it is evident that he had everything planned to a T before he set a word on paper, that he knew exactly how (and when) each story was going to end. This sort of approach would have made no appeal at all to Trollope, who is recorded as having said: "When I sit down to write a novel I do not at all know, and I do not very much care, how it is to end."

But to suggest that Collins was only an engineer is to suggest a very false picture. He may not have been a craftsman in words, but he was a very shrewd observer of mankind and especially of women. He gives us a most convincing picture of household life in mid-Victorian gentle society. He understood very well the relationship between master and servant. He has none of the snobbery of Thackeray; none of the inverted snobbery, the class-consciousness, of Dickens. And he is the only novelist of his period that I know to give a convincing picture of women.

Collins's women do not suffer from the "vapours" when young, do not become battle-axes when old: they are just women, intellectual, purposeful human beings, capable of passion but capable also of seeking knowledge for its own sake. In none of his books are they just ornaments, female characters, inferior to the men: in every one of his stories, women play a vital, resolute, part. Consider Marion Halcombe in *The Woman in White*, consider Rachel Verinder and Rosanna Spearman in *The Moonstone*. And, if you really think that he was only an engineer, consider, for example, the two beautifully told love stories that run through the pages of *The Moonstone*.

But is *The Moonstone* a classic of detective fiction? I think it is. For one thing it is the first genuine detective novel—the first novel in which detective work, the finding and piecing together of clues, matters above all else—in our literature; or, I believe, any other. For another, Collins plays scrupulously fair with his readers and thereby sets a standard that not all, indeed but few, of his successors in this widely cultivated form of writing have observed. Collins, as Dorothy Sayers pointed out, does not conceal a single clue: they are all there in the first few chapters. The reader has just the same chance as Sergeant Cuff—if he has Sergeant Cuff's brains! Conan Doyle certainly did not observe that standard of fairness in all his Sherlock Holmes stories.

And Collins also had a pleasant dry sense of humour. Consider this—and, remember, it was written in the mid-Victorian era.

> "... a man of pleasure, with a villa in the suburbs which was not taken in his own name, and with a lady in the villa, who was not taken in his own name, either."

It is no wonder, I think, that Collins was a best-seller. And he certainly does not deserve to be ignored today.

Barrington is at the wicket at Adelaide in the course of making his 132 in the England second innings. Cowdrey, at the other end, shared in a stand of 94

THE FOURTH TEST AT ADELAIDE

Although the Fourth Test ended in an unexciting draw, history was made at Adelaide when Statham passed the world record—236—of wickets taken in Test matches. Another item for the statistically minded was provided by Harvey. While making 154 in Australia's first innings, he became the fourth cricketer to score over 6,000 runs in Tests. O'Neill and Barrington also made centuries. Scores: Australia 393 and 293; England 331 and 223 for 4.

Illingworth snicks the ball past Simpson

Trueman hits a ball from Benaud for 4

Cowdrey just fails to take a catch from Harvey

TRAVEL

GIBRALTAR HOLIDAY

By **GORDON COOPER**

Gibraltar is an excellent centre for a really warm sunny holiday; and it has the asset that you have no language problems there, for everyone speaks English. There is the pleasure, too, of being in a happy and contented British colony, without internal strife and still retaining much of its old-time atmosphere.

The recorded history of the Rock dates back to A.D.711, when Arab conquerors from North Africa crossed the Straits to reach mainland Spain and seized this strategic piece of territory —almost an island, for it is linked with the Province of Andalusia by only a narrow, mile-long sandy isthmus—and remained there for 750 years before its Spanish recapture, with an occupation that ended in 1704, after its surrender to an Anglo-Dutch fleet. This was followed in 1713 by its cession to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht.

Since British occupation, Gibraltar's main use has been as a naval, military and air base; but reductions in these requirements have now led local interests to endeavour to create a tourist trade. Reached in about three hours by frequent flights from London, the Rock has developed its holiday amenities: new hotels have been built; a Festival of Arts and other festivals instituted; and a gambling Casino is due to open later this year.

At the same time I feel it is only fair to point out that one important obstacle to a lucrative holiday trade lies in the quite important matter of hotel costs. With nearby Tangier and the Andalusian coastal resorts (Costa del Sol) competing, not only in cheaper prices but also with better beaches, the Tourist Committee must appreciate that red pillar-boxes, unarmed bobbies, fish and chip shops and English breakfasts do not provide sufficient lure to the average British holidaymaker, with the whole of Europe from which to choose.

Stately houses in Gibraltar

A street scene in the Spanish town of Ronda, not far from Gibraltar

It is true that in Gibraltar's Main Street you will find an attractive display of duty-free goods, including tobacco and drinks, but these prices are not reflected in what you will be charged for extras in the leading hotels.

As a holiday resort in its own right, Gibraltar has little to offer. The worthwhile sights can easily be seen in one day . . . there is no night life of importance, apart from a number of bars with juke boxes and three " Dancings." You can hardly go for walks, owing to the restricted area (2½ square miles), and there are no outdoor cafés from which to watch the passing scene. There are some small bathing beaches. The best of these is situated at Catalan Bay, some distance from the town centre and on the eastern side of the Rock (reached by car or bus).

The main places of sightseeing interest are the Moorish Castle (A.D.711), the Galleries, with magnificient views, St. Michael's Cave, a wonderland of stalagmites and stalactites, the attractive Alameda Gardens, and the famous Rock Apes, long associated with Gibraltar. The "Ceremony of the Keys" is performed on occasion by the military garrison with much pomp in the presence of the Governor of the Fortress. There is also the spell of Gibraltar's Main Street, a famous shopping centre. Many of the " souvenirs," however, emanate from India and the Far East.

However, I consider that the Rock's main attraction for the holidaymaker lies in its being a gateway to many interesting excursions. Bordering on Spain and its Costa del Sol, and less than 30 mins. by air from Tangier, there are excellent opportunities for escaping from the rather claustrophobic atmosphere of the Rock, yet returning to the British way of life each evening. A frequent ferry service links Gibraltar with Algeciras, a lucrative channel for Spanish smugglers. Founded by the Romans, Algeciras is today chiefly noted for a Moorish aqueduct and the Hotel Reina Cristina, a charming and first-class hotel set amid orange groves and fine gardens.

There are daily bus services from Algeciras to Cadiz, a town that is rewarding to visit—a rabbit-warren of incredibly narrow and confusing streets, occasionally opening out into a plaza containing a baroque church. For myself, I am quite content, however, to sit at a café overlooking Alameda Gardens, sipping a manzanilla and getting my fingers messy eating delicious " cigalas " (Dublin Bay prawns) or " gambas " (ordinary prawns). On the road to

Cadiz you pass through Tarifa, Spain's southernmost town and with some of the Moorish walls still standing. The Hotel Atlantico in Cadiz can be recommended for a meal, or even a possible stay.

From Algeciras, you can journey by train or car to the mountain town of Ronda, perched on the edge of a dizzy gorge which at one point is nearly 900 ft. deep. This Spanish town, the original home of bull-fighting, has a strange atmosphere of its own, and its setting is unforgettable. It is justly famous, too, for its wrought-iron work.

By bus from Algeciras you can also reach Medina Sidonia, Jerez de la Frontera (with opportunity to visit a sherry bodega), and Seville. If you have a car then I recommend side-trips from Jerez to Sanlucar de Barrameda, the home of manzanilla and the port from which Columbus sailed on his third voyage to America in 1498; also to Arcos de la Frontera, a fortress-like cliff town, with a fine old Gothic church.

A third excursion into Spain is from Gibraltar, across the isthmus and along the Costa del Sol. The coastal road, not of outstanding appeal, leads through several popular resorts to reach Malaga, with some interesting buildings, but chiefly impressive for its incredible profusion of flowers. Its Easter Week fiesta is notable, and the Hosteria de Gibralfaro is recommended for a meal.

While Tangier is best reached by sea from the Rock there is also a passenger and car ferry operating daily. The town itself has an astonishing range of attractions for the inquiring visitor; and there are opportunities to travel farther afield into the Moroccan countryside: Tetuan and Xauen would be my first choice, although Rabat, Meknes and Fez are all possibilities.

Finally, for road journeys into Spain I recommend the local hire of a self-drive car. This presents no problems and is the best method of undertaking excursions.

Useful Information:

Various travel agents offer inclusive holidays in Gibraltar, where there are seven hotels, ranging in price from the luxury Rock Hotel to the economical Continental. B.E.A. and B.U.A. operate the air services from London to Gibraltar (mid-week night flights are economically priced), and Gibraltar Airways from the Rock to Tangier.

Special attractions for 1963 are:
Film Festival, April 21 to 27.
Arts Festival, June 30 to July 6.
Sea Festival, September 2 to 7.
Drama Festival, November 4 to 9.

The Rock Hotel on Gibraltar

Approaching the Rock—a view seen by countless Mediterranean sailors through the ages

B.U.A. SERVICES: A NEW GREEK CAR FERRY SERVICE

The British United Airways group has expanded so fast that it is difficult to keep up with the number of services this airline is running to Europe and elsewhere. Most of these flights start at Gatwick with its quick and frequent rail connections with London's Victoria Station, where B.U.A's ingenious air terminal is built on stilts above the platforms for the airport. From Gatwick B.U.A's Britannias and Viscounts fly to Rotterdam, Malaga, Gibraltar, the Canary Isles and Africa, and it is planned to run a new rail-air service to Paris in the near future. Its associated company, British United (C.I.) Airways, flies jet-prop Dart Herald services to Jersey, Guernsey and Alderney and, via the Channel Islands, to various points in France including Paris and to places like Dinard and Quimper in Brittany. The service to Quimper opens up a holiday coastline previously only accessible comfortably from Paris or in your own car.

B.U.A. is to open up a number of new routes to various Continental destinations and negotiations are well under way with foreign Governments whose final permission is necessary. They will link London direct with Genoa for the first time, Tarbes (for Lourdes) and the island of Madeira. The services to be introduced will be to Palma, Amsterdam, Milan, Barcelona, Basle, Seville and Paris.

The other member of the group, British United Air Ferries, whose cross-Channel vehicle and passenger services operate from Southend and Ferryfield in Kent carried over 500,000 passengers and nearly 150,000 vehicles last year. Additional services are being introduced on its new routes to Basle, Geneva and Strasbourg.

A direct lift to Athens for yourself and your car is to be provided by a new ferry service from Brindisi to Corfu and the Piraeus for Athens. The t.s.s. *Carina* will sail three times a week in each direction from June 2 until October 27. Leaving Brindisi, for example, on Sunday at 11 p.m. you arrive at Corfu at 7 a.m. the next day and continue via the Corinth Canal to the Piraeus, arriving at 8 p.m. This combines a car ferry service with a delightful cruise. It is the only service from Italy that takes your car direct to Athens. There are 40 double-berth de luxe cabins, each containing a private shower or bath and toilet and 40 cabins containing four Pullman berths.

Passenger fares for de luxe cabins are £17 17s. from Brindisi to Piraeus and from Brindisi to Corfu £14 6s. each person while a Pullman berth in a four-berth cabin costs £10 14s. from Brindisi to Piraeus and £7 3s. from Brindisi to Corfu.

Exceptionally comfortable aircraft-type reclining seats are provided to accommodate from 300 to 350 passengers, fares being £6 9s. from Brindisi to Piraeus and £3 19s. from Brindisi to Corfu. These fares include embarkation and landing taxes at Brindisi and Corfu, but not at Piraeus. Meals and refreshments are not included in the prices quoted. Passenger-driven vehicle rates range from £7 17s. for cars or station wagons up to 750 kilos. (about 13 cwt.) and £12 10s. for vehicles of 751 to 1,250 kilos., to £5 7s. for a motor-cycle with sidecar on the Brindisi-Piraeus run. From Brindisi to Corfu charges for the same categories are £5 14s., £8 19s., and £3 19s. respectively.

Cars weighing 1,251 kilos. and over, and Minibuses up to 15 seats cost £17 17s. on the voyage from Brindisi to Piraeus and from Brindisi to Corfu £12 10s. Bicycles are carried from Brindisi to Piraeus for £1 1s. and from Brindisi to Corfu for 14s. No vehicle must exceed a height of 7ft. Again, embarkation and landing taxes are not included in the fare to Piraeus.

W.D.C.C.

BOOKS

PORTRAIT OF GALSWORTHY

A new biography of the author of "The Forsyte Saga"; essays of Sir Osbert Sitwell; new fiction

One of the most securely established of John Galsworthy's novels was—and remains—*The Man of Property*, so that one can appreciate Mr. Dudley Barker's neat choice of title for his biography of the writer in THE MAN OF PRINCIPLE (Heinemann. 30s.). This is what Galsworthy most certainly was. He guided his life by his own fairly rigid set of principles of which loyalty was one of the most keenly felt, and his friendships, which were few but deep, reflected the essential gentleness of his character. To the world Galsworthy presented a somewhat austere figure, respected rather than popular, and showing little trace of spontaneous warmth. Indeed, as his life wore on, his own habits of domesticity, if not of thought, seem to have acquired a good deal of the inflexibility which had always been attributed to him. But one of the chief points that his biographer makes is of the writer's kindness, his generosity to many, many good causes and his devotion to the wife who was the close companion of all his writing ventures, though not without some tiresome demands of her own.

I suppose that Galsworthy's reputation stands or falls on *The Forsyte Saga* now that his plays, so passionately sincere and even sensational in their day, are no longer much regarded, and the development and evolution of *The Forsyte Saga*, though not autobiographical, is also a measure of the change in the man himself and in his attitude to the social scene. Soames is the real yardstick by which these changes may be assessed and one has only to go back to the first book in the *Saga*, written before the entire work was planned at all, to see how Galsworthy's attitude towards this character changed entirely during the years of his writing. He created Soames in the image of the insensitive, intolerant man of property, to be despised and abhorred. He ends with Soames a completely sympathetic hero "punished, in spite of his good intentions, by fate." Galsworthy's own attitude had mellowed with his immense success, as with the broadening of society's views, and he and Soames, from being in direct opposition, came to see life from the same side of the hedge. Mr. Barker's book is thoughtfully composed, well documented and constantly illuminated by the quiet humour of his own perceptions.

Some of us hold that the giving of presents should be quite independent of the festivities of Christmas or even of birthdays but should come about when the apt, the perfect present for a particular friend is found and despatched to him. This practice would make for a great many discomfited traders and even more delighted and gratified friends. All of which is by no means irrelevant to a page or two of book reviews, since I have just found one of these ideal presents in the shape of a book of essays, POUND WISE (Hutchinson. 25s.), by Sir Osbert Sitwell. Some of these have been published before; some exist only in books or papers now lost to us; all of them—and this I think is of the first importance—have been chosen not by an editor but by the writer himself. In saying that this book is as readable as it is civilised, the publishers rightly attribute its quality to its author being "the first-rate journalist within the radical aristocrat": a description Sir Osbert may enjoy.

How few people now write good essays and what a rewarding, elegant and shapely form it is; at its best, short enough, pithy enough and more apt to show the glitter of wit than the glow of humour. Here, for instance, is the author *On Advice: Its Giving and Receiving*. "We English," he writes, "as a race excel in the offering of advice; and because of our talent in this direction, indeed, have been dubbed the Governess of Europe. The sad truth, however, is that though our advice is, politically, nearly always right and sound and wise, we seldom profit by it ourselves, and when we offer it to friendly nations this altruistic national trait appears to anger them more than any of our less commendable characteristics." There are all kinds of other treasures to be found between these covers, like the essay on *London, 1943* which, I soberly think, is a little masterpiece. Or like the scrap on travelling by train. Or the scarcely longer piece about Pekin's Summer Palace. The list is unfortunately not endless but precisely 46 items long, making up a book that would indeed be a blessed

THE HAMPSTEAD THEATRE CLUB: Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Georgina Patterson and Richard O'Sullivan in the club's new production of André Birabeau's *Head of the Family*, which opened last week. At the same time the club began a season of late night plays starting at 11 p.m.

NAPOLEONIC CRISES

Two new books, dealing with respectively the Egyptian Expedition and the year 1815

Two low points in the life and times of Napoleon Bonaparte provide the theme for new volumes of research; the first of them deals with the Egyptian adventure before the turn of the eighteenth century; the second with the final dissolution, the year of Waterloo, at the end of the long, long trail of glory that had lain between these two campaigns.

We are accustomed to regard Napoleon's sojourn in Egypt, which began in 1798, as an unmitigated disaster for the simple devastating reasons that Nelson destroyed the French fleet, thus at one blow removing the vital link with the homeland, and the Sultan declared war on the invader. For the rest Bedouin raids and ambushes, dysentery, ophthalmia and bubonic plague (wrapped up under another name) did their deadly work, cutting down the invading force in a way that no amount of native recruitment could replace. But there was something on the credit balance as J. Christopher Herold so ably shows in his well-documented narrative BONAPARTE IN EGYPT (Hamish Hamilton. 30s.). This may have been a futile military adventure, but there was more to it than that. Napoleon's men of the "new frontier" crowded into Egypt in the wake of the armies—scientists, artists, scholars of many kinds, men who, in incredibly adverse circumstances, put their talents at the service of the army of occupation, at the service of resurgent France. It was they who discovered the glories of ancient Egypt, who studied for the first time the colossal ruins of Luxor and Karnak, and who surveyed the Isthmus of Suez with a view to building a canal which, when it did come to pass, accomplished more than all the campaigning with its criminal waste of lives.

Much of what Mr. Herold has to say is based on the reports of the Marquis de la Jonquière, who in his five volumes totalling more than 300,000 pages of small print set out in minute detail the happenings of the time. Mr. Herold has used that massive dossier to advantage, but he has been discriminating, ringing the changes in his presentation of the major theme and in his portrayal of the many incidents that go to make this a very human document about the would-be conqueror who, in those three years of stress before finally deserting his command for "higher things," displayed both his most repulsive and his most admirable qualities.

In EIGHTEEN FIFTEEN: AN END AND A BEGINNING (Cassell. 30s.), John Fisher has selected that fateful date, the second best known in British history after 1066, to present "that was the year that was." He takes us through 1815 from month to month, roaming across the western world in search of news and comment. More significant than Napoleon's end, indeed, is America's emergence, for in that year we see her shaking herself free from economic bondage to Europe. We see Australia, too, advancing towards nationhood, her colonists breaking through into the hinterland, and the whole calendar of events is in fact brought wonderfully alive. Mr. Fisher sums it up by saying it was a year of one great victory but many betrayals, not least the shooting of Marshal Ney, whose bravery had become a symbol and whose death left the world dismayed at such rottenness.

Another year of crisis, if less spectacular than 1815, was 1951. Joan Mitchell, of the Department of Economics at Nottingham University, has chosen to examine it in detail, revealing how the political crisis of the Western Alliance, plus the financial crisis of the whole sterling area, added to the internal problems of the Labour Party in power, brought down the Government. We cannot discount sheer bad luck as one of the factors, Dr. Mitchell declares. CRISIS IN BRITAIN 1951 (Secker and Warburg. 35s.) is essential reading for politicians of all three sides.

For those who are on the slimming waggon, and their name is legion, the forthright, nay almost bellicose, but no doubt sound advice of Dr. Blake F. Donaldson may come as a shock. In STRONG MEDICINE (Cassell. 18s.) Dr. Donaldson reveals how he and his more persistent patients have waged war on the obesity sextet (heart disease, hardening of the arteries, etc.), and it seems to have been done by an admixture of self-discipline and plenty of fat, fresh meat.

Douglas Liversidge, who has visited both Arctic and Antarctic, brings his vivid descriptive powers to bear in a story of modern industrial whaling. THE WHALE KILLERS (Jarrolds. 21s.) deals with dramatic individual incidents, dwelling in particular on some of the great characters who in northern and southern seas have played some part in this dangerous business.

Geoffrey Parrinder's WITCHCRAFT: EUROPEAN AND AFRICAN, which first appeared in paperback form, now emerges in a hard cover edition (Faber and Faber. 25s.) much enlarged in scope. The author is Reader in Comparative Religions at London University.

Richard Edmonds

present to give, but which would be very, very much more pleasant to receive.

I well remember meeting in my youth a man who had, some time before, been sent over to New York to report the Stanford White murder case and who ever afterwards described the murderer's wife, Evelyn Thaw, as the most lovely girl he had ever or would ever see. He would even produce a photograph as proof, the picture of a beautiful young woman indeed, appealing, delicate and large-eyed. Evelyn was, in fact, the wife of a rich and dissolute American who, at a fashionable restaurant in 1906, shot and killed a fellow diner, the distinguished architect Stanford White. Now Mr. Gerald Langford has written an account of the murder, the subsequent trial and re-trials, the endless litigation on the question of the murderer's sanity and the background to a case which, to this day, remains a sensational one. THE MURDER OF STANFORD WHITE (Gollancz. 25s.) is extremely readable in spite of occasional irrelevancies, and might be described as required reading for amateur criminologists.

A " straight " novel by Mr. John Bingham, till now known for his crisply designed crime stories, is A CASE OF LIBEL (Gollancz. 16s.), and very interesting it is to see this development in an author's career. The setting is a newspaper office, realistically treated in a welcome breakaway from the romanticism which so often presents such places as wearily sophisticated or streamlined into glamour. Mr. Bingham's newspaper men and women are neither dashing, cynical nor especially powerful, but they are real people as much in their reactions as in their extremely varied backgrounds. I enjoyed this book thoroughly and recommend it as warmly, though for different reasons, as any of the author's thrillers.

It is just 30 years since Mr. Hugh Edwards's novel, ALL NIGHT AT MR. STANYHURST'S (Jonathan Cape. 16s.) was first published, received some ecstatic reviews and, inexplicably, made little impact on the reading public. Now, through Mr. Ian Fleming's enthusiasm, it appears again to vindicate his judgment, the publishers' faith and to remain, I am certain, a minor classic in English fiction. This strange, poetic, powerful little story fits into no obvious category, but to most people who read it, it will become a treasured and unique experience.

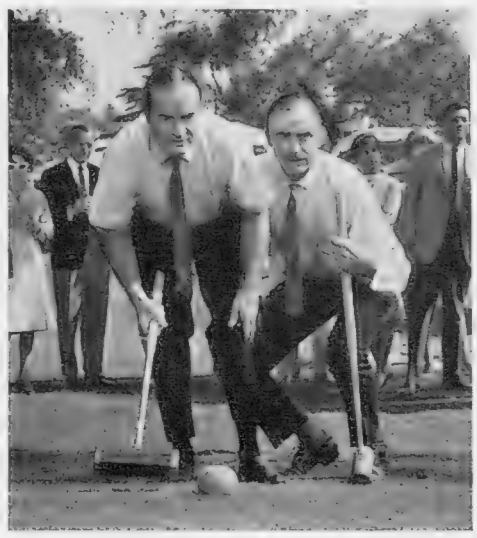
M. Francois Billetdoux, the young French playwright who already has the success of *Chin-Chin* and *Chez Torpe* to his credit, now has as a novel for us, A MAN AND HIS MASTER (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), to demonstrate both his virtuosity and the exceptional economy and vitality of his writing manner. The story is concerned with a form of obsession: the devotion of a successful business man to a friend, as a result of which he gradually discards career and family in order to serve the man, at first as adviser and tax expert, finally, in complete self-abnegation, as valet and—in many senses of the word—as slave. Odd, compelling and forceful.

" I should have knowed who he was, but I hadn't no experience with prophets," writes the narrator of Mr. J. C. Furnas's novel, THE DEVIL'S RAINBOW (Faber. 21s.), which deals with the early days of Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon sect, and as complex a character as ever dominated a religion, a region and some thousands of people. There have been several histories of this extraordinary character but few more telling than this deliberately homespun reconstruction of doings in which fact constantly outstripped fiction.

THE TASTE OF FEARS (Crime Club. 12s. 6d.), by Miss Sara Woods, is another of her distinguished and slightly involved detective stories in which an eminent, cross-grained Q.C. and his barrister nephew share the honours in elucidating a pair of murder mysteries. Stylish and ingenious.

Vernon Fane

Theatre critic Parker Ballantine (Bob Hope) is pleased with the review he has just written in his newspaper office. Centre is his wife Angela (Lucille Ball) and right Harvey Rittenhouse, second-string critic (Richard Deacon)



Parker and S. P. Champlain (John Dehner)

CRITIC'S CHOICE

at the Warner Cinema

Bob Hope and Lucille Ball join forces again, in their fourth film together, for the film version made by Warners, of the Broadway hit play *Critic's Choice*, which also ran in London. The play revolves, improbably though entertainingly, round the dilemma of a theatre critic—one of the " butchers of Broadway "—when his wife writes a play. Although evidently bad, this is produced on Broadway. Should he or should he not review it honestly? Onto this rather thin plot are mounted subsidiary diversions, including the critic's first wife, an actress, who also took offence at a brutal if honest review, and his precocious son who writes many of his father's best lines for a fee.

Inside the Ballantine home—John, their son (Ricky Kellman); Angela; Dion Kapakos (Rip Torn); Charlotte (Jessie Royce Landis), and Angela's two sisters (Marie Windsor and Joan Shawlee)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

E. T. Judge

As Chairman and General Managing Director of Dorman, Long and Co. Ltd., Mr. Judge is head of the leading Middlesbrough iron and steel firm, with interests in structural engineering and chemical manufacturing. Born in Leicester in 1908, Edward Thomas Judge was educated at Worcester Royal Grammar School; before going up to Cambridge, where he took a degree in mechanical sciences, he worked for a year as an apprentice fitter with an engineering company at Darlaston. He joined Dorman, Long in 1930 as a member of a newly formed technical group to advise on improving efficiency of existing plant and applying technical developments in the industry. Seven years later Mr. Judge was appointed chief technical engineer and in 1944 he became one of the company's first special directors, joining the Board as a full member in 1947. Before becoming Chairman in 1961 Mr. Judge was successively Assistant Managing Director and Joint Managing Director. He is a member of the Executive Committee and Chairman of the Development Advisory Committee of the British Iron and Steel Federation, and a past President of the Cleveland Institute of Engineers. He is a Governor of Constantine College, Middlesbrough, and the Minister of Transport's representative on the Tees Conservancy Commission. A member of the Iron and Steel Institute since 1937, he joined the Council in 1951 and was elected a Vice-President in 1958. Married, with two sons, Mr. Judge lives at Nunthorpe, near Middlesbrough. His chief recreation is fishing

OBSTACLES TO A PRIVATE HOUSING BOOM

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

It is an unhappy but, one hopes, temporary paradox that the industry which probably contributed most to the sharp rise in unemployment in January was in the middle of a period of moderate boom. Of the 814,000 people unemployed in Britain in the middle of last month, some 144,000 were only "temporarily stopped," most of them laid off as a result of the weather. And a large proportion of these, inevitably, came from the building and civil engineering industry.

Yet construction, alone among the capital goods industries of this country, is comparatively well off for orders at present, and had been enjoying a fairly high rate of activity for the time of year. Outside work on building always languishes at this time of year; but not as much, and for as long, as it has since Christmas. There is seldom enough flexibility in the work programme of building to switch men on outside work to jobs under cover, though the industry naturally times its operations to minimise starts and out-of-door operations at this time of year. But a prolonged period of frost and snow does a good deal to slow work inside half-completed buildings too—and is likely to do considerable harm to unfinished buildings and civil engineering works as well.

Its aftermath, admittedly, brings the industry, or part of it, some indoor business. As a jobbing builder remarked to me last week, "Other people's misfortunes are our opportunity." Water bursts, fires, snow damage to roofs, and on a larger scale the break-up of road surfaces and water main or power cable breakdowns, all mean work for that large part of the building industry which seldom actually builds anything, but concentrates on repairs and maintenance. Out of about 1,111,000 men employed in Britain's building and civil engineering industries, there are probably 336,000 on repairs and maintenance. This kind of make-do-and-mend operation, in one sense, is inevitably the enemy of new housebuilding in any country: you seldom see a house torn down except for slum clearance or, alternatively, for office or occasionally flat development. Some 7,000,000 of Britain's homes still date from before the first world war: about 5,500,000 of them were built in the nineteenth century or before.

Many have been modernised, well or badly: the advantages of larger rooms can outweigh the inconveniences of plumbing, heating, and of running houses designed for servants without that most desirable of consumer durables. A severe frost like this winter's catches many of them out (though in justice one must add that it also catches out some of the most modern, labour-saving houses built since the war, which are often better heated but in which the plumbing is often equally vulnerable to really severe frost).

There is some slight transfer of resources between the house building and the house repairing sections of Britain's construction industry, but the interchangeability is probably tending to decline. The building of houses, let alone of blocks of flats, is increasingly becoming confined to the larger companies: small firms may come in as specialist sub-contractors, but the small local "general builder" gets less and less concerned with new houses (until they too start needing repairs in a year or two).

The larger speculative builders are expecting to put up 10 per cent. more houses this year than the 190,000 they started in 1962. There seems to be some slackening in demand for the more expensive houses or luxury flats—largely, the industry guesses, because the Stock Exchange has not been offering shareholders such comfortable tax-free gains in the last year or two. But for the more modest owner-occupier, the easing of credit during the last six months has at last brought some lowering of interest rates on mortgages—and indeed some competition in credit terms between societies anxious to woo the borrower.

The Government is anxious to encourage landlords and builders to put up private houses for letting, but as yet has not been very successful. The steady rise, until recently, in the value of all houses, which often gave the chance of a sizeable windfall profit between the time building started and the house was sold, has fascinated most speculators in property. It has also, on the other hand, made many people needing new accommodation prefer to buy and take their own chance of a profitable rise in house values. With the kind of rents and service charges that are now being asked for new flats and the few houses available for letting, an occupier is able to acquire an interest in the house for hardly any larger outlay.

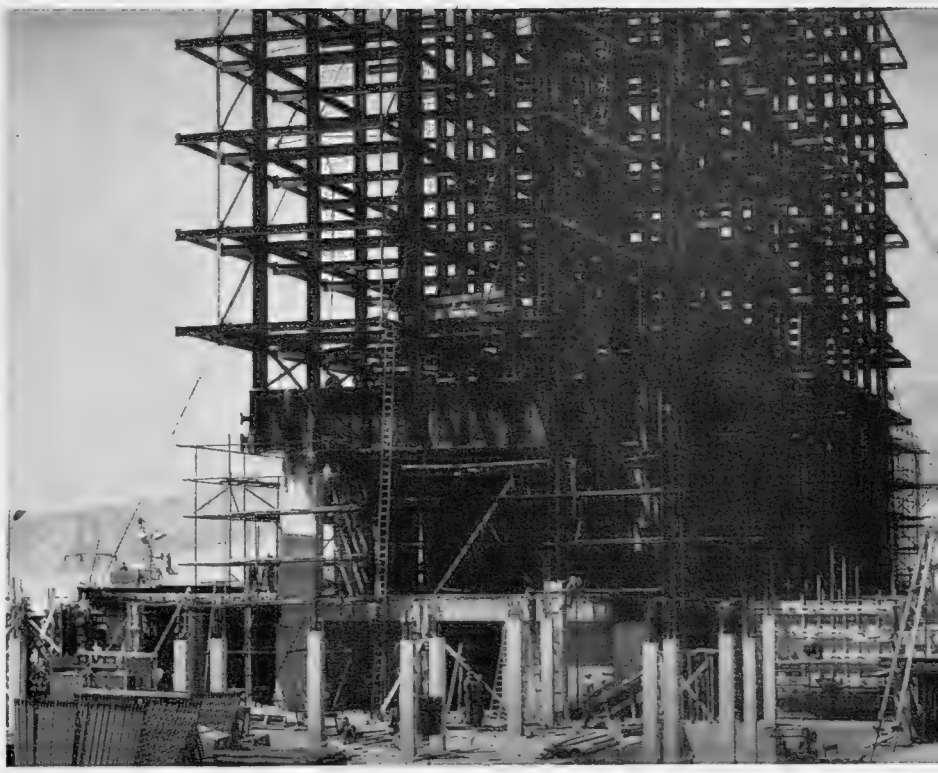
So far the big property speculators have taken comparatively little interest in providing residential accommodation, except where local authorities insist on their providing a proportion of flats in their city office buildings, or where re-zoning forces some of the land they have acquired to be used for residential development. Because this land is so valuable, the obvious way of getting an adequate return on their investment is to build luxury flats: but in London, at least, the market for these is now rather saturated, and the fancy down payments and rents that they were recently commanding are now much harder to come by.

Private housing development in Britain is thus somewhat hampered by weaknesses in the credit machinery and by the easier returns that have been available in other kinds of property development. It is rising, though perhaps not as fast as the Government would like: a housebuilding boom is one of the "prescriptions for the sixties" that many economists and politicians think Britain needs.

Further encouragement for it, moreover, is likely to come up against one of the most prized amenities of postwar Britain—the green belts around London and other big cities. The demand to live closer to city centres, as railway fares rise and the time taken even in short road journeys in and out builds up, is accumulating: older suburbs, farther out, are considered less "desirable" than those on the fringe. And the only fringe left around cities that have expanded outwards to bursting is, in many cases, the green belt.

Should the Government allow large sections of this "protected" land to go for property development? There is plenty of evidence of demand from people seeking homes. It would be one of the few ways of getting property speculators interested in providing medium-income houses and flats. There are even, be it said, some residential landlords of green belt areas who would like a belated chance to realise the margin of value that green belt zoning has locked up in their property (which hasn't moved up in value in recent years as much as land open for development has).

On the other hand, people living on the edge of these green belts, who were assured of this relief from the suburban sprawl when they moved there, will feel cheated if there is much re-zoning for development; and most of us not directly concerned, in principle, would probably regret the handing over of much of the green belts to speculators, who might obtain a development value clearly "released" if not created by official re-zoning. As so often in economic policy, this possibility of putting more weight behind the private housing drive means a conflict between productive development and amenity.



The specially designed steel frame goes up for the newly-opened Royal Teheran Hilton Hotel, which has been built among the foothills of the Alborz Mountains overlooking Teheran, the Iranian capital. **Left:** Digging the deep trenches for the drainage system. (See also following pages)

BUILDING THE ROYAL TEHERAN HILTON HOTEL

BRITISH-BUILT LUXURY HOTEL IN TEHERAN

The Royal Teheran Hilton, opened by the Shah of Iran in January, is more than double the size of any other hotel in the country and is Iran's first skyscraper building, towering 230 ft. into the air from its site at Shemiran, 5,000 ft. above sea level. The hotel, overlooking Teheran five miles away, is situated in the foothills of the Alborz Mountains. It is a striking example of a "package deal." Carried out wholly by the Cementation Group of Companies of London, the deal covered preliminary site investigation, design and construction of the building, drainage, provision of essential services, and installation of all equipment down to the buttons of the bellboys' uniforms. When the hotel was finished, well ahead of schedule, it was ready for an immediate start.

Financed by Iran's Pahlavi Foundation, the hotel is staffed and managed by Hilton Hotels International of New York. (This organisation is to open new hotels during the next four months in London, Athens, Rome and Rotterdam.) The site was a gift from the Shah. On the ground floor are two main entrances—one for hotel guests and the other for more formal occasions. At one end of the ballroom, where 250 couples can dance, a Royal entrance has been provided for State functions. On the 15th floor is a lavish Royal suite.

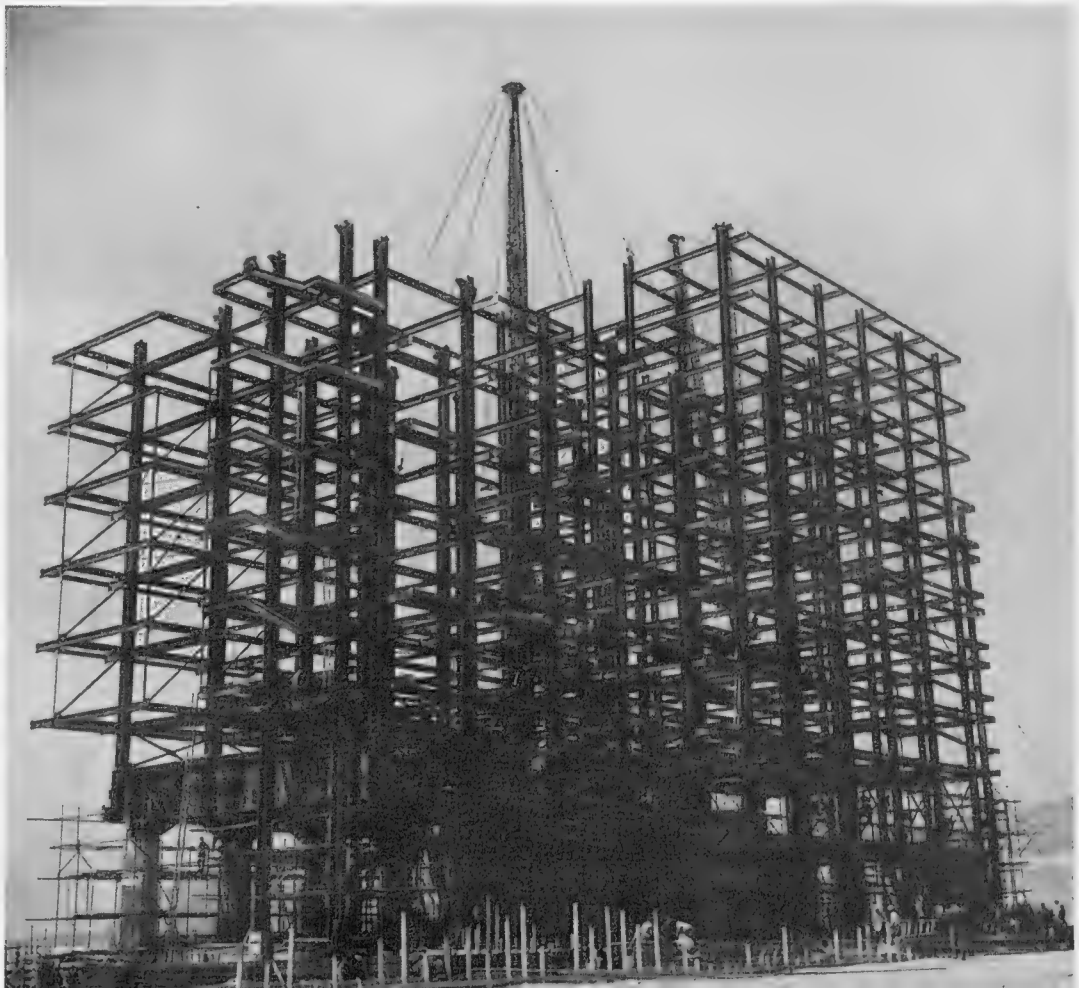
There are 270 bedrooms, and luxury suites and apartments, all with private bathrooms and individual balconies, radio and TV. Due to the rapid fall of the site, the south side of the basement is at ground floor level with direct access to the gardens, tennis courts and swimming pool. The hotel is completely air-conditioned, maintaining a constant temperature of 80 deg. Fah. in summer and 70 in winter, despite variations in local temperature ranging from 110 deg. Fah. in summer to 25 deg. of frost in winter.

The hotel's commanding position has been exploited to the best advantage. Special principles of construction, incorporating a steel frame, give exceptional strength. The steelwork has reinforced concrete panels between the frames in an alternating pattern to transmit horizontal seismic forces—the building is one of the tallest ever in an earthquake zone—down to the ground, making it one of the strongest structures of its type ever built. Balconies and brick fins protect the rooms from direct sun. A strong Persian influence prevails in the decor. Several local craftsmen were responsible for the beaten brasswork, carpets and murals.

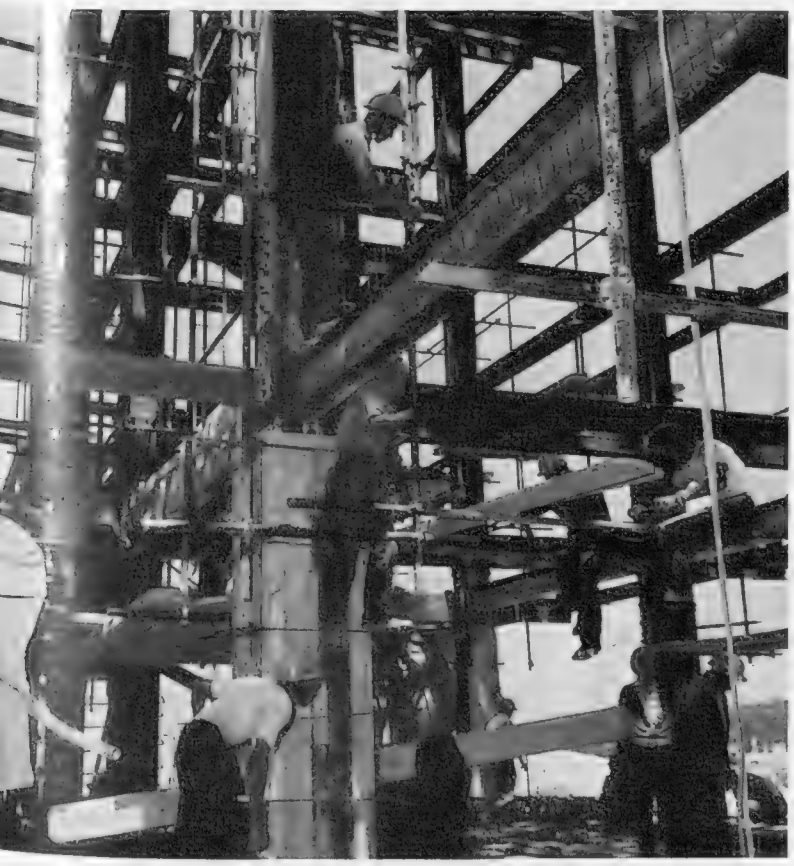
Among those watching the Shah cut the ribbon opening the new hotel are Mr. A. Clegg ; Mr. H. Phillips of the British Embassy in Teheran ; Mr. Alam, the Iranian Premier ; Sir Geoffrey Harrison, the British Ambassador; Mr. Sharif Emami, Director General of the Pahlavi Foundation and Mr. Robert J. Caverly

The fashion show during the luncheon after the opening ceremony. **Right :** The Shah and the Iranian Prime Minister look round the hotel. **Below :** First stages in the construction of the steel framework

Mr. C. F. Grundy (centre), Managing Director of Cementation, in conversation with Mr. P. Massarik, Cementation's Middle East Manager, and Mr. L. Hitchens, the site engineer. Background is a portrait of the Shah, by the Iranian artist Ali Azargin, unveiled at the opening ceremony

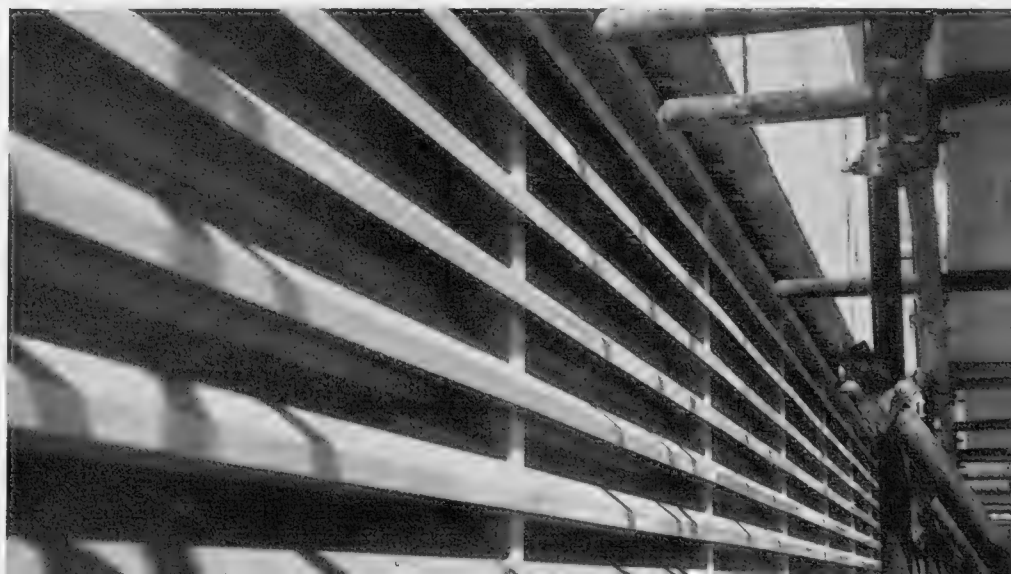


inishing touches are put to the Royal Teheran Hilton Hotel as the name is placed in position on the top of the building. Costing 3,500,000, the hotel is over 200 ft. high and there are 270 bedrooms, with luxury suites and apartments, on 15 floors



Workmen on the scaffolding as the framework goes up

The delicate task of preparing the decorative plasterwork. **Right:** Plastering begins. **Below:** Work finishes on the louvres on the lower section of the hotel (See also page 220)



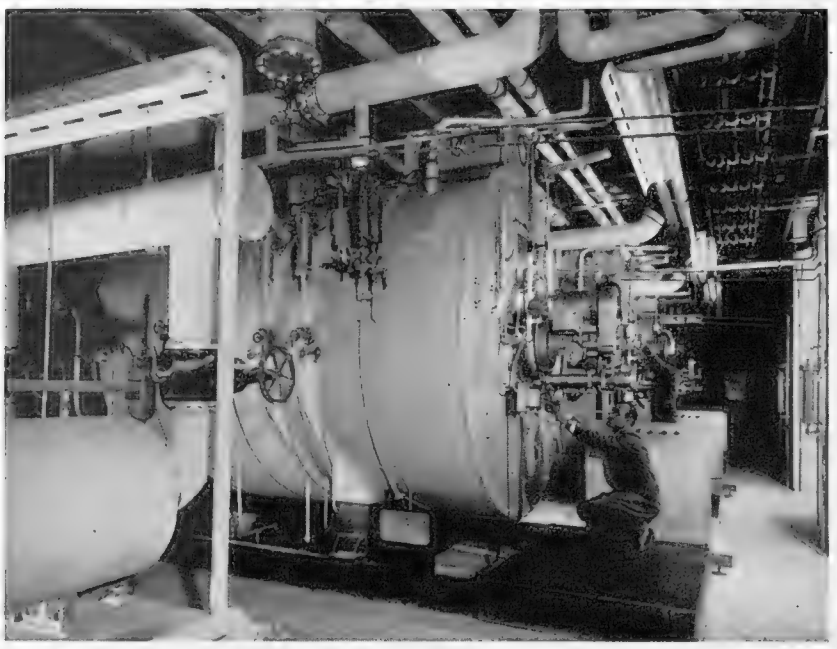
The Persian restaurant. Persian speciality dishes, as well as continental food, are served

BRITISH - BUILT LUXURY HOTEL

(*Continued from page 219*)

Right: Aluminium panels on drawer fronts of fitted Kandya bedroom furniture are among the uses of the decorative perforated metal manufactured by G. A. Harvey (London) Ltd. for the hotel

The lobby—the hotel is finished chiefly in marble, travertine and natural timber



Three "Multipac" oil-fired boilers, manufactured by John Thompson (Wilson Boilers) Ltd., supply the steam for the heating and hot-water services

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

SELLING BY POST

BY "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Britain's mail order houses, who already account for perhaps one-tenth of all retail trade, are hoping for further expansion during 1963. This comes after no less than a four-fold growth between 1956 and 1962, to the point where one of the largest mail order companies now operates an annual turnover of over £100,000,000 and sells to some 7,000,000 out of Britain's 16,000,000 families. Mail order growth has been based on credit and reliability. Credit selling has been particularly popular in the South of England, while reliability has involved both speed and delivery (from 24 to 48 hours) and in ensuring the quality of goods delivered.

Each mail order house sells from large catalogues, often an inch thick, while buyers place orders through agents who are often housewives. The recent development of mail order has been based to a large extent on the expansion of the range of goods offered, from cameras and watches even to wine, and on attracting custom from middle income buyers. Three companies have a dominant place in mail order business in Britain. These are the Great Universal Stores group, Littlewoods and Grattan Warehouses. Littlewoods, which is operated by another branch of the football pools family, is privately owned and shares are not available to the public. Great Universal Stores control many well-known mail order companies, notably Samuel Driver, Kay and Co. and Marshall Ward. Grattan Warehouses operate to an important extent in the North, based on Bradford and Leicester.

For Great Universal Stores, mail order has played an important part in recent years' expansion, along with its large multiple stores division and the salesman-collector side. Under Sir Isaac Wolfson Great Universal Stores' growth was based mainly on a series of very profitable take-overs in the earlier 1950s but has been founded in recent years more on consolidation and trading expansion of the group. While recent years' acquisitions have been on a relatively limited scale, group profits have improved from £9,800,000 in 1959 to £12,200,000 in 1961-62, and shareholders' dividends have been increased from an effective 35 per cent. to 44 per cent. Mail order ranks as only one of Great Universal Stores' interests, but this division is believed to produce a significant proportion of group profits. In recent months Sir Isaac and his co-directors have bought a mail order business in Holland and taken over the second largest privately owned mail order concern in Britain.

Though smaller than the G.U.S. group, the third of the big three mail order concerns, Grattan Warehouses, shows an impressive growth history. Operating from Bradford, Leicester and London, Grattan has increased profits from just under £1,000,000 in 1955 to last year's £1,700,000. Shareholders have fully shared in this growth, for Mr. W. J. Roach and his co-directors have effectively maintained the dividend rate while giving a series of free share issues. The City hopes that 1962 will prove to have been another successful year and that the previous period's 38 per cent. dividend will be maintained after the free share issue.

Alongside the big three of mail order selling in Britain stand three medium-sized companies—all of them having important connections in the north of England. These three are Empire Stores (Bradford), formerly Fattorini and Sons; Oxendale and Co., and Barlow and Jones. Of these, Empire Stores has so far produced the most impressive expansion, with profits doubling to £200,000 over the last five years. For 1962, at least, it is expected that Empire Stores will maintain a rapid expansion pace. Speaking last summer, Mr. L. F. Fattorini told shareholders that mail order sales had shown a considerable increase, and he looked forward to another year of satisfactory trading.

Better results are also expected from Oxendale and Co. after the small decline in profits reported for 1961-62. Earnings fell by more than £10,000 to just over £100,000 though shareholders' dividend was repeated at 37½ per cent. In June of last year Mr. H. S. Smith, the chairman, explained that poor spring weather and the 1961 Little Budget had brought a slight reduction in sales, while Oxendale's useful export business suffered from political changes in Africa. But Mr. Smith stressed that the directors regarded trading as satisfactory and emphasised his confidence—barring further restrictions on consumer purchasing.

The third mail order company, Barlow and Jones, is probably better known as a textile producer with its "Osman" range of products. But four years ago, in order to diversify, Barlow and Jones took over John Myers, an old established mail order house. Under the guidance of a former Littlewoods executive, Myers has made rapid progress. Last autumn Mr. E. Cartwright revealed that the mail order offshoot had increased its own profits by 64 per cent. and made nearly a 52 per cent. contribution to total profits.

For most investors, a stake in Great Universal Stores will appeal as a useful way of benefiting from the expansion of mail order in Britain. But G.U.S. "A" shares, which can be bought around 47s. to offer rather more than 3 per cent., reflect operations in a wide field of retailing. People concerned to benefit more directly from mail order expansion will probably prefer Grattan Warehouses 5s. shares now selling at close to 60s. But the yield at this price is less than 3 per cent., and investors to whom income is important could invest in Oxendale and Co. These 1s. shares can now be bought for around 6s. to offer just over 6 per cent.

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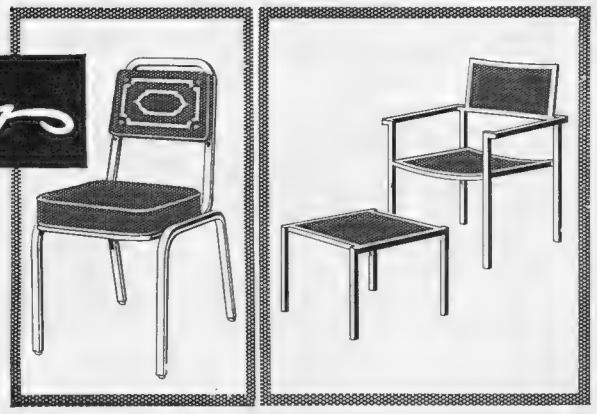
Zephyr



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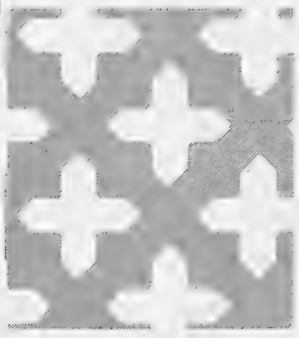
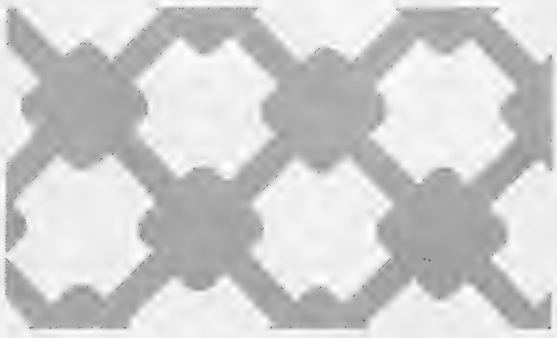
Harvey perforated anodised aluminium (pattern No. 954) was used for drawer fronts and luggage rack tops of the bedroom furniture made by Kandya Ltd. to the design of Tom Lee.

Harvey perforated metal (pattern No. 1616) and associated metalwork was supplied for the counter fronts in the reception area and cloakroom, also for the passenger lift doors.

Close co-operation with architects and designers is a feature of Harvey service. Please ask for Decorative Metalwork Booklets.

Patterns reproduced actual size. Left, No. 954, right, No. 1616





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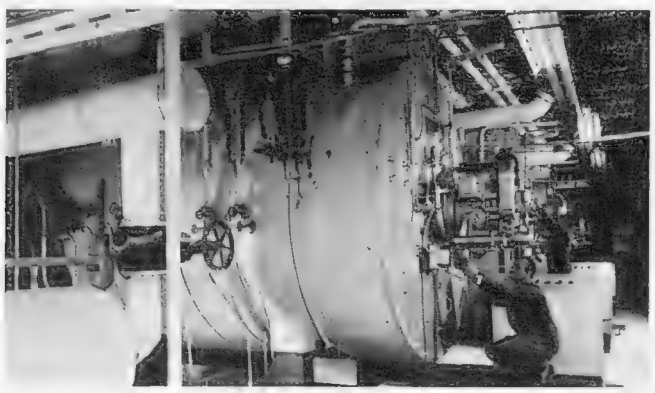
P/22

Firing aisle showing Multipac package boilers



3 MULTIPAC WET-BACK PACKAGE BOILERS...

have been supplied by the Package Boiler Division of the John Thompson Shell Boiler Division, to the Royal Hilton Hotel Teheran. The Multipac has a dished-end wet-back combustion chamber completely eliminating refractory linings and brickwork. This three-pass boiler can be fired by oil or coal and will fit into a small floor space. Multipacs can be supplied as single units or included in complete boiler plants with all ancillary equipment.

Royal Hilton Hotel, Teheran. Architects : Foroughi, Zafar, Sadegh & Ghiai. Consultant Architects : Raglan Squire & Partners Construction : Cementation Company (Overseas) Ltd.

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GI/59

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

The latest news bulletin of the Food Education Society contains an exhortation to the British people that individuals should insist on better food for their money. It is pointed out that we spend some £5,000,000,000 a year on food. Yet, laments the writer of the bulletin, we British are indifferent about food; " so indifferent that we'll take almost anything."

A great deal of criticism is then levelled against housewives for not taking faulty goods back to shops, or even complaining, and for not examining more carefully the list of ingredients on canned or packeted foods. Caterers and restaurateurs also come in for their share of criticism for providing poor food. This is what we are told: " They go on serving the same old joint (sliced yesterday, warmed up in synthetic gravy today), the same old steak puddings and pies, the same tired fish in several inches of batter and fried to within an inch of its life. And that terrible coffee, tasting like gravy browning! "

The picture painted is pretty grim, and I wholeheartedly support the Society in their campaign for better food. On the other hand I do not agree fully that the situation is quite as black as painted in the bulletin. In my view, things have shown great improvement. I get the impression that, while there are still many " black spots," really outrageous meals are becoming less frequent. It is much easier to find a good meal today in London and in the provinces than it was in the years before the war.

One aspect, however, calls for censure even today, and even in some of the best places where the standards are often otherwise satisfactory. This is the cooking of the vegetables, a point overlooked by the Food Education Society. I have found this badly done in many places where the rest of the dishes are cooked and presented with the greatest care, and where it is difficult to find fault with anything else. Almost invariably the poor vegetables are overcooked, to the detriment of food value and taste. Perhaps our own attitude to them can be blamed for this sad state of affairs. We regard them in this country merely as an insignificant adjunct to a main dish, hardly of more importance than a garnish, whereas in some other countries they have a place on the menu in their own right.

This is no excuse however. For cooking vegetables well is no more difficult than cooking them badly. The main cause of the trouble seems to be that in many catering establishments vegetables are cooked in large quantities, well in advance of the time of service and kept hot. This means that in fact they go on and on cooking further and further.

This happens in even the most expensive places with very few exceptions. I cannot see why—when the price of the meal should allow it—the vegetables could not be cooked freshly for each client during the time that their main dish—grilled steak or sole meunière, or what have you—is being cooked. It should not take any longer. Some chefs might remember also that a little salt and pepper works wonders in bringing out the flavour of most vegetables.

Bute Street in South Kensington is a most unexpected find. It has the character of a slice of Soho, or a passage in a Continental city. It is narrow, intimate and seems to have a busy life of its own. The little restaurant where I had an excellent dinner the other night is part of this environment. Its name, " L'Arc En Ciel," suggests a French tradition, but in fact its cooking is good in a more international sense under the personal direction, both in the kitchen and at the tables, of its Greek-Cypriot patron, Peter.

There is a menu, of course, but when you get to know the patron he will confide to you that it has not much significance. While you can order anything that's printed on it, he will most likely suggest something else. This is what happened on our first visit. We had the *Paté Maison* to start with. This was very good, although I would not guarantee that it was actually made on the premises. We then followed Peter's advice and had for our main course some delicious *Carré d'Agneau* accompanied with a form of ratatoui combined with rice. None of this was on the printed menu, but it was all very well done indeed. To end the meal we had *Crêpes Maison*, pancakes filled with a sweet cream cheese. These were embellished by being flambé (not at our table, but in the proper place for it, the kitchen) with a liqueur of brandy and orange flavour.

This restaurant is not licensed but will send out for your wine to Cameron, French and Co., the wine merchants round the corner in Old Brompton Road. They have an excellent list, and keep open until ten p.m. every night in order to assist the many restaurants in the vicinity. They also make sure that your wine is at the right temperature by keeping a certain number of bottles of white in their refrigerator and red at room temperature for immediate consumption.

With our dinner we had that delicious dry Graves, Château Olivier 1957, which is so drinkable that it will go with almost anything and a claret also from the Graves region of the Bordelais, Château Smith-Haut-Lafitte 1953. This particular wine had been bottled in this country and was perfect for drinking, having reached the best stage of its maturity. Cameron, French also have stocks of 1955, 1957 and 1959 of this growth, all château bottled. The first is ready for drinking now, the second is still improving and the last is definitely for laying down.

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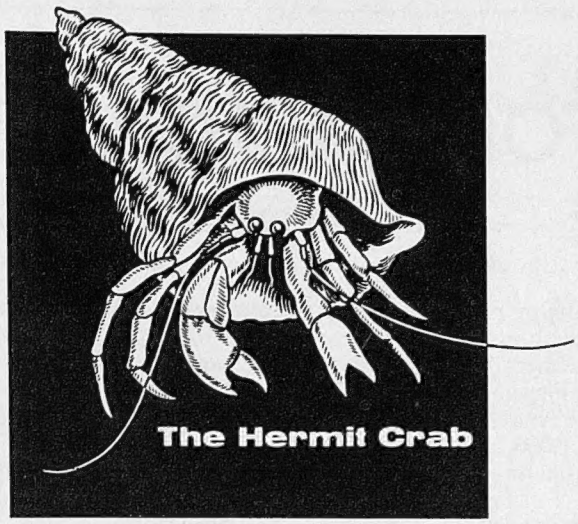

This creature has little difficulty in solving its housing problems—for it makes its home in any suitable empty shell. It welcomes a lodger, in the form of an itinerant sea anemone.

Complications can arise with over-popularity, and the strain of carrying too many anemones may compel our friend to seek a less crowded home.

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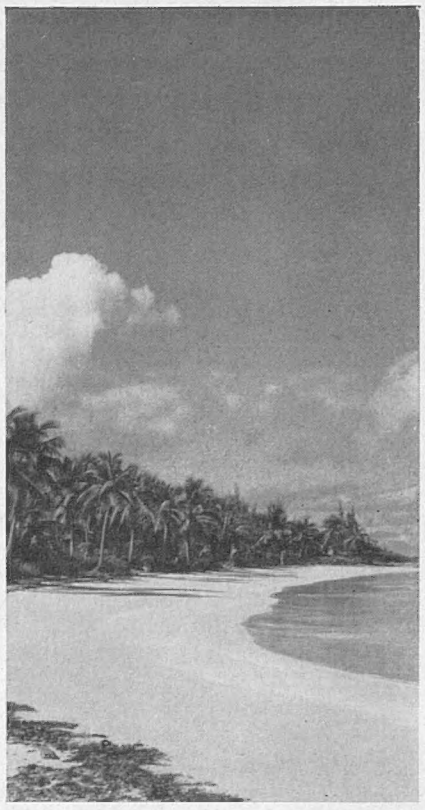

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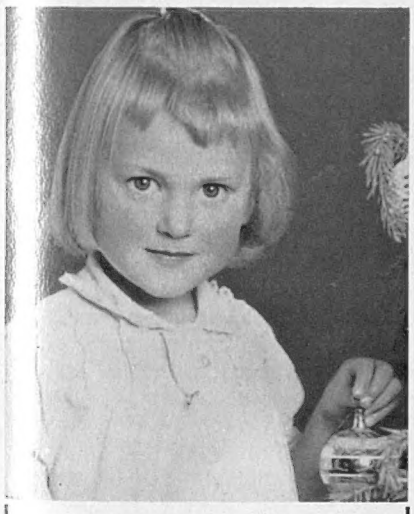

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MOTORING

SUPPORT FOR MOTOR RACING

The Racing Car Show; retrospect of Monte Carlo

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Motor sport and sporting motoring occupy an increasingly important place in the British way of life. This is proved by the large crowds which regularly attend motor race meetings and the constantly expanding activities of the motor clubs. Britain now has more than 1,000 of these. Every year they organise something like 4,000 rallies or similar events. Further evidence that millions of British motorists look upon cars as something much more exciting than a means of getting from A to B is provided by the support given to organisations like the Institute of Advanced Motorists, the League of Safe Drivers and the High Performance Club.

This national cult of sophisticated motoring has just been put under the microscope—at the fourth annual Racing Car Show, staged at London's Olympia by the British Racing and Sports Car Club. It was a microcosm of one of Britain's most popular pastimes. In a well-deserved position of honour we saw the B.R.M. in which Graham Hill won the world championship and which also won the manufacturers' championship. The sport was also represented by samples of other cars which battled for the championship last year, including Lotus, Cooper, Lola and Porsche.

Sporting motoring was reflected by a proliferation of potent two-seaters intended for either road or track and by the stands of the many firms specialising in the lucrative business of " breathing on " or otherwise hotting up the engines of ordinary production cars.

British drivers did not cover themselves with glory in the Monte Carlo Rally this year and British cars did not do much better. Our motor industry, and particularly the Ford Motor Company, got a poor advertisement return from a combined expenditure which has been put at £100,000. The 2,500-mile rally was won for the second year running by 33-year-old Erik Carlsson, a genial Swede whose huge bulk—he weighs over 17 stone—would have made him an unsuitable " jockey " for his 841 c.c. two-stroke Saab if it were not for his uncanny driving skill and tremendous courage.

The most successful British car in the Monte this year was the B.M.C. Mini-Cooper, samples of which finished in third and sixth positions; and with an Austin Healey 3000 finishing 13th the three highest-placed British cars were all B.M.C. entries. It is an interesting—and significant—fact that the seven cars which did best in this year's icy, snowy Monte all had front-wheel-drive: one Saab, four Citroens and two Mini-Coopers.

I asked Mr. Alec Issigonis (B.M.C.'s chief engineer and designer of the Mini) why f.w.d. cars do so well on ice: a fact which has been clearly demonstrated on Britain's roads during the last few arctic weeks. He replied: " They give the driver better control because the weight of the engine and transmission is all at the front of the car, where it ought to be. If the driving wheels start spinning the car keeps going in a straight line and does not skid sideways like a rear-drive car."

It was bad luck for Pat Moss to be put out of the Monte Carlo Rally by engine trouble on her first drive for the Ford Company, but this misfortune was at least partly counterbalanced, publicity-wise, by the magnificent performance of a 1½-litre Ford Cortina Super in getting 11,621 miles from London to Capetown in 13 days, 8 hours and 48 minutes. It was driven by 38-year-old Eric Jackson, Ford main dealer from Barnsley, Yorks, and 37-year-old Ken Chambers, chairman of a group of garages in the Home Counties (two of them being Ford main dealerships).

When I lunched with them in London on their return they told me the only replacements they had to make throughout their adventurous trip were a fan belt and a light bulb. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of their epic journey was their achievement in averaging 68·71 m.p.h. from Nairobi to Capetown. Yet it was in every way a standard production car.

The crew went from Dover to Dunkirk, motored across France to Marseilles and then flew the Cortina to Tunis. They drove to Cairo via Benghazi. " The conditions between Wadi Halfa and Khartoum, a distance of some 580 miles, were indescribably bad," said Mr. Jackson, who is married with three children and competed in last year's East African Safari Rally. " In fact," he added " there is no road between these two places and we had to find our way by following petrol drums placed at three-mile intervals."

In 1962 the British motor industry had its best-ever year for total export earnings (£645 million or £1¾ million a day); its second best year for car production (1,249,426, compared with 1,352,728 in 1960); and its third best year for car exports (544,792, compared with 569,889 in 1960 and 568,971 in 1959). From

This Reliant Regal three-wheeler, driven by Cecil Sandford and David Cooper, followed the cars in the Monte Rally, reaching the finish with no mechanical trouble

Britain's car factories there emerged *every week* last year—on average—the fantastic total of 24,027 cars. Nearly half of them went straight to the docks for shipment to a hundred export markets. Of the export total 37 per cent. went to Common Market or EFTA countries (84,422 more than in 1961); 43 per cent. went to Commonwealth countries (50,105 more than in 1961); and 13 per cent. to the U.S. (two and a half times the number sent in the previous year).

Industry leaders with whom I have discussed 1963 prospects all agreed that this may be a year of record production. Mr. L. G. T. Farmer, Rover chief and president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, told me: " I believe we are going to have an even better export year than in 1962." Also commenting on the outlook for the next 12 months, Mr. George Harriman, B.M.C. chairman, said in the first three years of this decade his own vast organisation will have expanded four of its factories and built three new ones. " To have increased our potential from 600,000 to 1,000,000 vehicles a year is a great advance," he said, " but the real and essential achievement will be to use this capacity to the full and actually build a million vehicles a year."

Briefly. . . . At a Longbridge (Birmingham) party to celebrate the choice of the Morris 1100 as the " Car of the Year " in 1962 by Swedish motoring writers, Mr. George Harriman (B.M.C. chairman) announced that production of this model is to be stepped up from 2,500 a week to 4,000 a week. . . . The British Automobile Racing Club has awarded gold medals to Graham Hill, who won the 1962 drivers' world championship in a B.R.M. and to Sir Alfred Owen, who has persisted with the development of this car in spite of years of disappointment. . . . The A.A. is gradually replacing its road service motorcycle outfits by Mini-vans. By the peak of the 1963 touring season 420 patrols will have vans.

The head office in London of the Esso Petroleum Company has been moved from Queen Anne's Gate to the company's new 16-storey building in Victoria Street, S.W.1. . . . Road deaths in Britain in November rose by 19 to 632, but the total casualties for the first 11months of 1962 were 3 per cent. lower than in the corresponding period of 1961. . . . More than 3,000 of the new diesel-engined Austin A60 and Morris Oxford models have been shipped abroad since they were announced last November.

Second in the Monte Carlo Rally—the Citroen DS 19 of Toivonen and Jarvi. Citroens won the team prize

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 13-15, *John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

"FEBRUARY FILL THE DYKE, WITH WHAT THOU DOST LIKE." So wrote one Thomas Tupper some 400 years ago. The weather then? Probably as unpredictable as it is likely to be in the months ahead.

Yet, when it comes to travel we have advantages in this more enlightened age. There are well metalled roads, not just tracks axle deep in mud, and even on those rare occasions when roads are impassable giant snow ploughs and salt-spraying machines restore traffic mobility, be it by road, rail or air.

The first two months of any year cannot be considered as holiday months except for winter sports enthusiasts, and for those who have the time and money to chase the sun.

Yet each year there is an increasing populace on the move—weddings and honeymoons, school occasions, house-hunters, convalescents and so on—all contributing to the travel feed pipe lines.

Doubtless the greatest percentage of winter travellers are those engaged on business, so this week it seems opportune to focus attention on hotels geared to the varied requirements of those travellers.

For generations good hotel accommodation in provincial centres has been woefully inadequate, but there has been a marked improvement in 1962, and the progress will be still more pronounced during the coming months.

One of the pioneers in popular priced hotel accommodation has been the Lyons organisation. The *Regent Palace*, *Strand Palace* and later the *Cumberland* won popular approval from their opening, so it was good news to read in December last that The Strand Hotel Ltd. (a Lyons subsidiary) are the sponsors of Birmingham's brand new 250 bedroomed hotel, *The Albany*, situated in the centre of the city. Every bedroom has, as might be expected, its private bathroom, TV, radio and telephone. Many are of the studio type, in that they can be converted into sitting rooms by day. All represent the latest in modern thought, design and equipment. Both resident guests and transient callers will find restaurant and public rooms lavishly furnished, well lit and ventilated. The bedroom tariff ranges from 63s. a night for a single, 70s. for a studio single, to 170s. for a twin-bedded room. Telephone: Midland 8171.

That important business centre Swansea was badly lacking in good hotel accommodation until the progressive Trust House Organisation filled the breach by the opening of the first large post-war hotel to be built in Wales. Part of the Kingsway Circle development scheme, *The Dragon* has 117 bedrooms, all with private bath, a restaurant to seat 150 and a Buttery serving quick meals from early breakfast to late suppers. Not only has this hotel a big business appeal, but it should be noted as a tourist base for the little-discovered sandy bays of the Gower Peninsular.

Satisfactory as is this progressive hotel development in our big cities we have also heard of new hotels to be built in Leicester, Sheffield, Manchester and Liverpool) the fact must not be overlooked that many prefer smaller hotels where the personal touch is more pronounced and, with that in view, are prepared to stay within road or rail distance from city centres.

For such, the following addresses and telephone numbers may prove a useful business directive:

Liverpool and district—via Mersey Tunnel, the *Craxton Wood Country Club*, Ledsham, six miles Chester, 11 miles Liverpool. Luxury accommodation in the heart of the country. Telephone: Hooton 3111.

Manchester and district—*The Edge Hotel*, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, 14 miles Manchester. A charming country house type of hotel, ably directed by that well-known hotelier Mr. R. E. Whiston and his wife. Telephone: Alderley Edge 3033. Blackburn and other East Lancashire towns—Lytham—*Clifton Arms*. Always in the van of progress, this well-known hotel has a great appeal to all business executives who are connoisseurs in good living. Apart from admirable bedroom accommodation, the restaurant and grill room are magnets of attraction to all appreciative of à la carte and table d'hôte menus that are generous in both choice and measure. Telephone 6245.

Coventry and district—seven miles from the city and situated in the triangle Warwick-Coventry-Rugby will be found a small, completely rural country house hotel, *The Wood House Princethorpe*, postal address: "Nr. Rugby." Telephone: Marton 303. Mr. E. F. P. Metters and his wife are hoteliers of proved experience.

The Potteries—Arnold Bennett's Five Towns can hardly be described as a centre for tourism, yet overseas buyers visit them from all parts of the world. Stafford, only 16 miles from the heart of the Potteries, also has the advantage of being close by the Preston-Birmingham-London Motorways, and so a convenient night's stop for those motoring on business and pleasure. Here, a few hundred yards off this main artery of traffic lies *Tillington Hall Hotel*, Stafford, which is probably the most centrally situated hotel in England. Almost exactly half way between London and Edinburgh or Glasgow, it is equally convenient for those who have business interests hereabouts. A charming country house set quietly in grounds well back from traffic noises, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Hall have their hotel well geared for late arrivals, early departures and offer reasonable elasticity of meal times. Telephone: 51500.

Edinburgh—Scotland's capital is well off for first-class hotels, both large and small, but as there are times when accommodation is hard to come by, we were glad to have discovered last year a small first-class hotel where the personal touch is well in evidence. Owned and run by Mr. and Mrs. Norman MacLeod (whom readers will remember at their previous hotel—Harbour Heights at Bournemouth), *The Maitland Hotel* is essentially a comfortable and convenient halting place for those visiting the city for a night or two on business or sight-seeing. Yet it has another attraction not often found in this type of hotel—an elegant and popular restaurant and cocktail bar. The latter is already a popular meeting place for Edinburgh folk, and there is no doubt that the MacLeods' flair for cuisine and decor is responsible for its success. Naturally, in a city hotel, one does not expect panoramic views from the bedroom window, but the general comfort of the rooms (all are centrally heated) make up for this.

BOURNEMOUTH WEST. **BOURNE HALL HOTEL**
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